

# IMPROVEMENT & RWT

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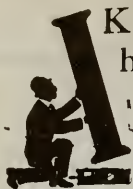
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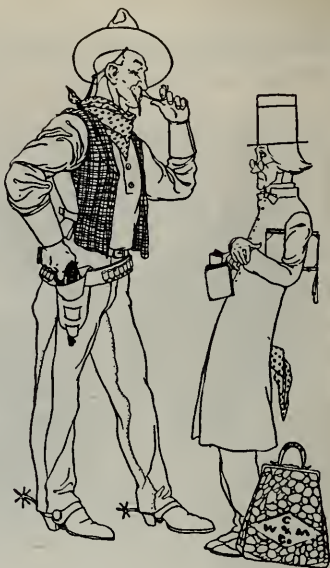
## KE and the Dominic had been out burying.

The parson liked the way Ike took his part and Ike had also thawed out to the Minister. They talked it over. Says Ike:—

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DR. WILLARD RICHARDS

Born June 24, 1804; Died March 11, 1854.

(From a portrait loaned by Willard Richards, Salt Lake City.)

# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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VOL. X.

JUNE, 1907.

No. 8

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## WILLARD RICHARDS—THE MARTYRDOM OF JOSEPH AND HYRUM SMITH.

BY HON. PRESTON D. RICHARDS, A GRANDSON.

---

Willard Richards had an inherent love for freedom and religious liberty, his ancestors belonged to the Plymouth Colony, and his father is now immortalized with the patriots of "'76" who gained the world's greatest victory for political freedom. Broadened by such a lineage, he was a fit and powerful instrument in the hands of the Lord to assist in establishing his work in the land and his people in these magnificent mountains.

He was born in Hopkinton, Middlesex county, Massachusetts, one hundred three years ago on the 24th of this June, being the youngest of eleven children. He attended the common schools until he was fifteen, and then entered the Richmond high school; in fact, he lived the characteristic life of boyhood, there being nothing recorded of him to indicate that he was not a boy and not human. His parents were Presbyterians, so he was sprinkled, catechised, and educated according to the prescribed forms of that sect. He witnessed several sectarian "revivals" at Richmond, where the family had removed when he was ten years old, and offered himself to the Congregational church when he was seventeen years old, but the total disregard of that church to his request for admission led him to a more thorough investigation of the principles

of religion, which convinced him that the sects were all wrong, and that the Lord had no church on the earth. From that time, he kept himself aloof from sectarian influences.

In 1820, he commenced teaching school, and taught four years in New York and Massachusetts, and during his spare time he constantly devoted himself to the acquisition of knowledge.

In 1827, he commenced lecturing on electricity and other scientific subjects, which he continued to do at intervals, for several years, throughout the New England states. There are numerous testimonials preserved in favor of his lectures from men of high standing in the literary and scientific world. Seven years later, he studied medicine, and while practicing at Southborough, near Boston, he observed on the table a Book of Mormon,\* which Brigham Young had left with his cousin. He opened the book without regard to place, and totally ignorant of its contents, and before reading half a page declared, "God or the devil has had a hand in that book, for man never wrote it." In ten days he read the book through twice, and so strongly was he impressed with its truth that he began making preparations to go to Kirtland, Ohio, seven hundred fifty miles west, that he might give the work a thorough investigation. He arrived in Kirtland in October, 1836, where he was most cordially received by his cousin, Brigham Young, with whom he tarried and gave the work an unceasing and untiring investigation, until December of the same year, when he was baptized by Brigham Young, the ice being cut from the river in order to perform the ordinance.

He was ordained an Elder March 6, 1837, and a few days later set apart to accompany Brigham Young on a special business mission to the Eastern States, from which he returned June 11 of the same year. On the day following, he was set apart to accompany Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde and others on a mission to England. These were the first missionaries to Europe.

The gospel door was successfully opened to Europe, at Preston, after which Elder Richards was sent to Bedford and surrounding country to inaugurate the work in that part, which he

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\* This copy of the Book of Mormon is now in possession of President Joseph F. Smith.



did successfully, notwithstanding bitter opposition. He returned to Preston, mission headquarters, in February, 1838, and on April 1, attended a general conference, when he was ordained a High Priest and appointed First Counselor to Joseph Fielding, who was appointed to preside over the mission. April 14, 1840, after the arrival of the Apostles from America, Dr. Richards was ordained one of the Twelve Apostles, and, after the publication of the *Millennial Star* was commenced, he assisted Parley P. Pratt in its editorial department, and later performed the general duties of presiding over the European Mission. He assisted in indexing the Book of Mormon, and in publishing the first English edition of that book.

Not long after the first missionaries arrived in England, a great friend was raised up to the Elders in the person of Rev. John Richards, Independent minister at Walkerfold, Lancashire, who opened his church to the elders. But when he discovered that the greater portion of his flock were becoming converted to, and about to be baptized into, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he became less favorable, and forbade the elders preaching in his church; but his daughter Jennetta\* was baptized, with others of his congregation, by Heber C. Kimball. After the baptism, Elder Kimball said to Dr. Richards: "Well, Willard, I baptized your wife today," and the true significance of the words was never understood by Dr. Richards until several months later, when he evidently discovered Jennetta entangled in the meshes of his affection, as shown by his doings of March 10, as recorded in his private journal:

While walking home from meeting with Jennetta Richards, I remarked: "Richards is a good name—I never want to change it. do you, Jennetta?" "No, I do not," was her reply, and I think she never will.

Then the following September 24, he records:

Today I married Jennetta Richards, daughter of the Rev. John Richards. Most truly do I praise my Heavenly Father for his great kindness in providing me a partner to his promise.

Many of the Saints complained bitterly because Elder Richards married, saying he should have remained as the Apostle Paul.

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\* Jennetta Richards, born August 21, 1817, in Lancashire, England, was the first person confirmed in Britain.—*History of the Church*, vol. 2, page 504.

And so, it seems, people complain if you do get married, and people complain if you don't.

Dr. Richards, with his family and others of the Twelve, left England in April, 1841, returning to America. Soon after his arrival home, he was elected a member of the city council of Nauvoo, and two days later he was appointed recorder for the Temple, private secretary to the Prophet Joseph, and General Church Clerk. From the time he entered Joseph Smith's office, with the exception of a short mission to the East after his family, he was with Joseph until his death, continually at work with his pen. He was recorder of the city council and clerk of the municipal court, and kept the Prophet's private journal, making an entry only a few minutes previous to the awful tragedy at Carthage. From the time he became the Prophet's private secretary until the latter's death, he was perhaps as close to the Prophet as any living man. Indeed, their lives at this point became so interwoven that the history of Joseph becomes the history of Willard.

Dr. Richards nominated Joseph Smith for the presidency of the United States, and writing to Gen. Bennett of New York he said:

Your views about the nomination of Gen. Smith for the presidency are correct. We will gain popularity and extended influence. But this is not all; we mean to elect him, and nothing shall be wanting on our part to accomplish it; and why? Because we are satisfied, fully satisfied, this is the best or only method of saving our free institutions from a total overthrow.

Dr. Richards was a member of the city council of Nauvoo at the time the council ordered the press and fixtures of the *Nauvoo Expositor* to be abated as a nuisance, which order was executed by the proper authorities without delay. This finally led to the martyrdom. The *Expositor* was a vile sheet of slander published in Nauvoo for the purpose of defaming the characters of good men, inciting its readers to deeds of violence and murder, and carrying on all the hellish plans of the lawless publishers. The proceedings of the council in ordering the nuisance abated were perfectly regular and legal, the same as if a foul leakage in the sewer were ordered stopped.

The night following, the proprietors of the press fired the buildings of their plant, just as they had done in Missouri, hoping

to raise the hue and cry that the "Mormons" had done it, and by that means raise a mob against the city and perhaps get the sympathy of the governor; but the vigilant police discovered the fire and abated that also. Chagrined at their disappointment, and drunken with madness, they next went to Carthage, the county seat, and headquarters of mobocracy, and swore that Joseph and about seventeen others had committed a riot, and sent a warrant for their arrest. Joseph and the others offered to go before any magistrate in the vicinity, but refused to go to Carthage, because they knew there was a mob there thirsting for their blood. The officer insisted on their going to Carthage and would not consent to their going before any other magistrate, so they obtained a writ of *habeas corpus* from the city court of Nauvoo, and were set free. This only enraged the mob more, and another writ was issued by a county magistrate in the vicinity, not a "Mormon," before whom they were brought, and every exertion made to convict them; but the magistrate discharged them. The next day the terrible excitement that had been stirred up brought Gov. Ford to Carthage, where all manner of falsehoods were poured into his ear concerning the doings of people at Nauvoo. He addressed a communication to Joseph Smith asking him to send to Carthage "one or more well-informed and discreet persons who will be capable of laying before me your version of the matter." Accordingly Drs. Richards and Bernhisel and John Taylor were sent with a number of affidavits which proved that, at that very moment, there were men in Carthage who had declared that they would rush through a thousand people to wash their hands in Joseph Smith's blood, and that there were many there who had sworn that they would kill him and exterminate his people. Those appointed to go carried a letter from Joseph to the Governor stating that he would be pleased to answer to the Governor or any authority for the destruction of the press, by order of the council, but he knew that if he went to Carthage to do it he would be butchered, and therefore he entreated the Governor to come to Nauvoo, in case the explanation of those sent was not satisfactory. Those sent to Carthage returned with a written communication "To the Mayor and Council of the City of Nauvoo," from Governor Ford, telling them that they must submit to arrest by the officer before sent, and under the same

warrant, and be brought to Carthage for trial. The men sent to confer with the governor were many times insulted and threatened in his office by the mobocrats, who were permitted to remain there during the whole time the men from Nauvoo were in conference with the governor. Governor Ford promised protection to Joseph Smith and the council if they would come to Carthage, and all the while and subsequently, his conduct gave the lie to his word and promise.

The same evening that they returned from Carthage with the letter from the governor, Joseph called Hyrum, Willard and some others together in his upper room and, after reading the governor's letter, he remarked "There is no mercy—no mercy here." Hyrum said, "No; just as sure as we fall into their hands, we are dead men." Joseph replied, "Yes; what shall we do, Brother Hyrum?" He replied, "I don't know." All at once Joseph's countenance brightened up, and he said, "The way is open; it is clear to my mind what to do. All they want is Hyrum and myself. There is no doubt they will come here and search for us. Let them search, they will not harm you in person or in property, and not even a hair of your head. We will cross the river tonight, and go away to the West."

At midnight, the same night, Joseph, Hyrum, and Dr. Richards called for O. P. Rockwell, and at 2 a. m. all four got into a boat and started to cross the Mississippi River. O. P. Rockwell rowed the boat. The boat was very leaky, and it kept Joseph, Hyrum and the Doctor very busy bailing out the water with their boots and shoes, to prevent it from sinking. At daybreak Joseph, Hyrum and Willard landed on the Iowa side of the river, and O. P. Rockwell returned to Nauvoo for horses, that the start might be made at once to the Rocky Mountains.

The same morning a posse arrived in Nauvoo to arrest Joseph, but as he could not be found they returned to Carthage. They said that if Joseph and Hyrum were not given up that the governor would send his troops and guard the town until they were found.

Messengers were sent at once across the river by Emma, entreating Joseph to return and give himself up. Others also crossed the river to persuade them to return. They found Joseph, Hyrum and Willard in a room by themselves with provisions ready



for the start. They begged Joseph to return, and some accused him of deserting the flock when the wolves came, like the shepherd in the fable. To which Joseph replied,—“If my life is of no value to my friends, it is of none to myself.” He then turned to Hyrum and said, “Brother Hyrum, you are the oldest, what shall we do?” Hyrum answered, “Let us go back and give ourselves up, and see the thing out.” After studying a few minutes, Joseph replied, “If you go back, I shall go with you, but we will be butchered.”

Joseph then wrote to Governor Ford saying he would come to Carthage the next day, and Dr. Richards wrote to legal counsel and witnesses requesting them to be at Carthage on the morrow. As they were walking back to the river, some one requested Joseph to hurry, but he answered, “It is of no use to hurry, for we are going back to be slaughtered.” On previous occasions, while surrounded by murderers and assassins, Joseph had felt little alarm, saying, “They cannot kill me, my time has not yet come,” but all of Joseph’s words at this time indicate that he knew his time had now come.

They arrived in Nauvoo late in the evening. Joseph tarried with his family all night, and next morning early Joseph, Hyrum, Willard and others started for Carthage and when within four miles of Carthage Joseph said, “I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer’s morning. I have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward all men. If they take my life, I shall die an innocent man, and my blood shall cry from the ground for vengeance, and it will yet be said of me, ‘he was murdered in cold blood.’”

When they arrived in Carthage the Carthage Greys called for “Joe Smith,” and raised the cry that they now had him, and he would not leave Carthage alive.

The next morning Joseph and Hyrum, and those who had destroyed the press of the *Nauvoo Expositor*, were arrested on the charge, and the two former were also arrested on the charge of treason. Before going before the justice, those who had sworn out the complaint said, “There is nothing against these men; the law cannot reach them, but powder and ball can, and they shall not go out of Carthage alive.”

They were all taken before the justice who released all on

bail of \$500 each,—all except Joseph and Hyrum who were illegally sent to jail, the others returned to Nauvoo.

Joseph tried again to get an interview with the governor, but he was unable. Next day, however, he succeeded in obtaining the interview he had so long sought, and the governor promised him that if he went to Nauvoo the next day, as he intended, Joseph and Hyrum should go with him, with the troops to insure their personal safety.

Next morning Governor Ford went to Nauvoo but did not take the prisoners with him. Just before leaving, he sent this permit to the prisoners:

Permit Dr. Richards, the private secretary of Joseph Smith, to be with him, if he desires it, and to pass and repass the guard.

THOMAS FORD,

Commander-in-Chief.

June 27, 1844.

They were to wait in jail two days more, when they were to be tried for treason, but after the governor's departure, the mob without became very noisy and desperate. Dr. Richards was taken sick in the afternoon, and Brother Markham was sent out of the jail for medicine, but the Carthage Greys prevented his return; they put him on a horse, and forced him out of town at the point of the bayonet.

Joseph, Hyrum, John Taylor and Dr. Richards were now the only ones left in Carthage, except the enemy. At 5:20 o'clock in the afternoon, the jailor became alarmed at the conduct of the mob, and suggested to the prisoners that they go into the cell room for safety, which they agreed to do after supper. Joseph said to Dr. Richards, "If we go into the cell, will you go with us?" The doctor answered, "Brother Joseph, you did not ask me to cross the river with you; you did not ask me to come to Carthage; you did not ask me to come to jail with you, and do you think I would forsake you now? But I tell you what I will do; if you are condemned to be hung for treason, I will be hung in your stead, and you shall go free." Joseph answered, "You cannot." The doctor replied, "I will."

The jailor's boy came in and said that the guard wanted some wine. Dr. Richards handed him two dollars, and he threw one back, he returned with the wine which was passed out to the

guard. Immediately there was a rustling at the outer door of the jail, and a cry of surrender, and also a discharge of three or four firearms. The doctor glanced an eye by the curtain of the window, and saw about a hundred armed men around the door. What followed is vividly pictured by him—the only man who witnessed the whole of the dreadful scene, in an article from the *Times and Seasons*:

## TWO MINUTES IN JAIL.

Possibly the following events occupied near three minutes, but I think only about two, and have penned them for the gratification of many friends:

CARTHAGE, June 27, 1844.

A shower of musket balls were thrown up the stairway against the door of the prison in the second story, followed by many rapid footsteps.

While Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Mr. Taylor and myself, who were in the front chamber, closed the door of our room against the entry at the head of the stairs, and placed ourselves against it, there being no lock on the door, and no catch that was useable.

The door is a common panel, and as soon as we heard the feet at the stairs head, a ball was sent through the door, which passed between us, and showed that our enemies were desperadoes, and we must change our position.

General Joseph Smith, Mr. Taylor, and myself sprang back to the front part of the room and General Hyrum Smith retreated two-thirds across the chamber directly in front of and facing the door.

A ball was sent through the door which hit Hyrum on the side of his nose, when he fell backwards, extended at length, without moving his feet.

From the holes in his vest (the day was warm, and no one had their coats on but myself), pantaloons, drawers, and shirt, it appeared evident that a ball must have been thrown from without, through the window, which entered his back on the right side, and passing through lodged against his watch, which was in his right vest pocket, completely pulverizing the crystal and face, tearing off the hands and mashing the whole body of the watch. At the same instant the ball from the door entered his nose.

As he struck the floor he exclaimed emphatically, "*I'm a dead man.*" Joseph looked towards him and responded, "*Oh dear! Brother Hyrum,*" and opening the door two or three inches with his left hand, discharged one barrel of a six-shooter (pistol) at random in the entry, from whence a ball grazed Hyrum's breast, and entering his throat passed into his head, while other muskets were aimed at him and some balls hit him.

Joseph continued snapping his revolver round the casing of the door into the space as before, three barrels of which missed fire, while Mr. Taylor with a walking stick stood by his side and knocked down the bayonets and muskets which were constantly discharging through the doorway, while I stood by him, ready to lend any assistance, with another stick, but could not come within striking distance without going directly before the muzzles of the guns.

When the revolver failed, we had no more firearms, and expected an immediate rush of the mob, and the doorway full of muskets, half way in the room, and no hope but instant death from within.

Mr. Taylor rushed into the window, which is some fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. When his body was nearly on a balance, a ball from the door within entered his leg, and a ball from without struck his watch, a patent lever, in his vest pocket near the left breast, and smashed it into pi, leaving the hands standing at 5 o'clock, 16 minutes, and 26 seconds, the force of which ball threw him back on the floor, and he rolled under the bed which stood by his side, where he lay motionless, the mob from the door continuing to fire upon him, cutting away a piece of flesh from his left hip as large as a man's hand, and were hindered only by my knocking down their muzzles with a stick; while they continued to reach their guns into the room, probably left handed, and aimed their discharge so far round as almost to reach us in the corner of the room to where we retreated and dodged, and then I recommenced the attack with my stick.

Joseph attempted, as the last resort, to leap the same window from whence Mr. Taylor fell, when two balls pierced him from the door, and one entered his right breast from without, and he fell outward, exclaiming, "*O Lord, my God.*" As his feet went out of the window my head went in, the balls whistling all around. He fell on his left side a dead man.

At this instant the cry was raised, "*He's leaped the window,*" and the mob on the stairs and in the entry ran out.

I withdrew from the window, thinking it of no use to leap out on a hundred bayonets, then around General Smith's body.

Not satisfied with this I again reached my head out of the window, and watched some seconds to see if there were any signs of life, regardless of my own, determined to see the end of him I loved. Being fully satisfied that he was dead, with a hundred men near the body and more coming round the corner of the jail, and expecting a return to our room, I rushed towards the prison door, at the head of the stairs, and through the entry from whence the firing had proceeded, to learn if the doors into the prison were open.

When near the entry, Mr. Taylor cried out, "*Take me.*" I pressed my way until I found all doors unbarred, returning instantly, caught Mr. Taylor under my arm, and rushed by the stairs into the dungeon, or inner prison, stretched him on the floor and covered him with a bed in such a manner as not likely to be perceived, expecting an immediate return of the mob. I said to Mr. Taylor. "This is a hard case to lay you on the floor, but if your wounds are not fatal, I want you to live to tell the story." I expected to be shot the next moment, and stood before the door awaiting the onset.

WILLARD RICHARDS.

The terrible news was carried to Nauvoo, and the people were overcome with excitement. The people at Carthage were stricken with terror at the thought that the "Mormons," enraged, might come upon them.



This was one of the most critical periods in the history of the Church, when the care of the dead and the direction of the living rested upon one man, Apostle Willard Richards.

Dr. Richards sent a letter to Nauvoo requesting the people to be calm, not to come to Carthage, and not to resort to violence. It was midnight before Dr. Richards could obtain any help or refreshments for John Taylor, nearly all the inhabitants of Carthage having fled in terror. Next morning Dr. Richards started for Nauvoo with the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum, on two wagons, the bodies being covered with bushes to keep them from the sun.

When the bodies arrived in Nauvoo the scene cannot be described. Between eight thousand and ten thousand people were addressed by Dr. Richards, who admonished them to keep the peace, stating that he had pledged his honor and his life for their good conduct. Next day the people were permitted to view the remains. The bodies were placed in coffins, and then in pine boxes. Afterward the coffins with the bodies were taken from the boxes, and sacks of sand placed in, instead, and a mock funeral held over the boxes which were taken to the graveyard and deposited in a grave with the usual ceremonies. At midnight, the bodies were interred in the basement of the Nauvoo House. All this was done in the fear that the enemy might dig up the bodies as they had threatened.

In 1847, Dr. Richards came to Utah with the Pioneers, returning to Winter Quarters where he was ordained second counselor to Brigham Young.

As a civil officer, he served as secretary to the government of the State of Deseret, secretary of the Territory of Utah, president of the council of the legislative assembly, and postmaster of Great Salt Lake City.

He was the first editor of the *Deseret News*, general Church historian, Church recorder, and counselor to President Young, in which latter capacity he acted until the time of his death which occurred March 11, 1854. The number of offices which he held at the time of his death indicate the confidence which the Church and people reposed in his great integrity and varied abilities.

May his descendants prove worthy of their lineage.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY JOSEPH F. SMITH, JR.

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The following from the *Saints' Herald* of April 24, 1907, is an excerpt from the minutes of the "Reorganite" conference:

A question was presented by one individual who stated that he had been told that the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon was in the possession of the Utah Church. In reply, President F. M. Smith made the following statement:

The manuscript of the Book of Mormon is in the custody of the presidency, and at the present time is in the hands of the secretary of the presidency, and is in a vault at Independence. The Utah people have not got it.

It is quite true that the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon is not in its entirety in the possession of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; it is equally as true that it is *not* in the custody of the "Reorganized" church, nor in the keeping of the secretary of their presidency (F. M. Smith), nor in a vault in Independence, Mo. This is said merely to correct misrepresentation, and not with the spirit of controversy.

The manuscript which the "Reorganites" for some time have been designating as the original is but the printer's copy which Oliver Cowdery, shortly before his death, gave into the hands of David Whitmer, his fellow witness.

After the plates were translated, the Prophet received a commandment from the Lord that the entire manuscript should be copied, that the copy should go to the printer, and the original manuscript should not be permitted to go out of his hands. An account of this is given in Lucy Smith's history of the Prophet, (ERA edition), pages 142-3, as follows:

Soon after this, Joseph secured the copyright; and before he returned to Pennsylvania, where he had left his wife, he received a commandment, which was in substance as follows:

First, that Oliver Cowdery should transcribe the whole manuscript; Second, that he should take but one copy at a time to the office, so that if one copy should get destroyed, there would still be a copy remaining; Third, that in going to and from the office, he should always have a guard to attend him, for the purpose of protecting the manuscript; Fourth, that a guard should be kept constantly on the watch, both night and day, about the house, to protect the manuscript from malicious persons, who would infest the house for the purpose of destroying the manuscript. All these things were strictly attended to, as the Lord commanded Joseph.

The original manuscript was in this manner carefully guarded, and the copy struck off by Oliver Cowdery was used in the printing of the Book of Mormon. The original was never in the hands of the printer. David Whitmer was not aware of this commandment, or had forgotten it, and without doubt, believed that the printer's copy was the original. It was in this light that he prized it. In September, 1878, he was visited by Elders Orson Pratt and Joseph F. Smith at his home in Richmond, and on that occasion showed them this printer's copy, marked and scarred with the printer's notes, and was greatly surprised when his attention was called to the fact for the first time, that in his copy all the signatures of the witnesses were in one handwriting, (evidently that of Oliver Cowdery,) when he was most emphatic that each witness had, in the original, signed his own name. The account of this portion of the interview is in the journal of President Joseph F. Smith, as follows:

Next day (Sunday, September 8th,) Mr. Whitmer invited us to his house where, in the presence of David Whitmer, Esq., (son of Jacob), Philander Page, J. R. B. Vancleve, David J. Whitmer, (son of David the Witness), George Schweich, (grandson of David), Colonel Childs and others, David Whitmer brought out the manuscripts of the Book of Mormon. We examined them closely and those who knew the handwriting pronounced the whole of them, excepting comparatively a few pages, to be in the handwriting of Oliver Cowdery. It was thought that these few pages were in the handwriting of Emma Smith and John and Christian Whitmer.

We found that the names of the eleven witnesses were, however, subscribed in the handwriting of Oliver Cowdery. When the question was asked Mr. Whitmer if he and the other witnesses did or did not sign the testimonies themselves, Mr. Whitmer replied that each signed his own name.

"Then where are the original signatures?"

D. Whitmer—"I don't know, I suppose Oliver copied them, but this I know is an exact copy?"

Joseph F. Smith suggested that perhaps there were *two copies* of the manuscripts, but Mr. Whitmer replied that, according to the best of his knowledge, there never was but the one copy. Herein of course, he is evidently uninformed.

Quite a number of the elders of the Church have examined the manuscript now in the keeping of the "Reorganization," and all declare that it is most likely, in the main, in the handwriting of Oliver Cowdery, and that the signatures of the witnesses are all in the same handwriting. The question would naturally arise: What became of the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon? The answer is simple. The original manuscript remained in the possession of the Prophet Joseph Smith and was by his own hand placed in the corner stone of the Nauvoo House, October 2, 1841, in the presence of numerous witnesses. One of these was Elder Warren Foote, of Glendale, Utah, who recorded in his journal under date of October 2, 1841, the following:

October 2, 1841. The semi-annual conference commenced today. After meeting was dismissed a deposit was made in the southeast corner of the Nauvoo House. A square hole had been chiseled in the large corner stone like a box. An invitation was given for any who wished to put in any little memento they desired to. I was standing very near the corner stone, when Joseph Smith came up with the manuscript of the Book of Mormon, and said he wanted to put that in there, as he had had trouble enough with it. It appeared to be written on fool's cap paper and was about three inches in thickness. There was also deposited a Book of Doctrine and Covenants, five cents, ten cents, twenty-five cents, fifty cents, and one dollar pieces of American coin, besides other articles. A close fitting stone cover was laid in cement, and the wall built over it. I was standing within three feet of the Prophet when he handed in the manuscript and saw it very plainly.

The late Bishop Frederick Kesler of the Sixteenth ward, Salt Lake City, was also present and recorded in his journal that the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon was placed in this corner stone. We have also, in one of the manuscript histories of the Church, under date of December 29, 1841, kept by the Prophet's clerk at that time, a list of the articles that were placed in this corner stone, of which the following is a reproduction:



1841

December 29<sup>th</sup>

The corner stone of the Nauvoo House was laid by President Joseph Smith on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of October 1841. (At the commencement of the last general conference of the Church in Nauvoo, previous to the finishing of the Temple,) and the following articles were deposited there by the President.

To Wit:—

- 1 Book of Mormon
- 1 Revelation given January 19<sup>th</sup> 1841.
- 1 "The Bones & Lessons" containing the Charter of the Nauvoo House.
- 1 Journal of Heber C. Kimball.
- 1 The Memorial of Lyman Wight to the United States Senate.
- 1 Book of Doctrine & Covenants. 10 Edition.
- 1 No 35. of the Times and Seasons.
- 1 The original Manuscript of the Book of Mormon.
- 1 The presentation of the Church in the "Bible of Lessons".
- 1 Published in the "Times & Seasons"
- 1 The Holy Bible
- 1 Half Dollar
- 1 Quarter Dollar 1 Silver Coin
- 2 Dimes
- 2 Half Dimes
- 1 Copper Coin.

The Nauvoo House, which was begun in the days of Joseph Smith, was never finished, and in the course of time the walls were torn down by Mr. Lewis C. Bidamon, second husband of Emma Smith, and the contents of this corner stone, which had so long been exposed to the elements, were found to be nearly ruined. Some of the articles, however, were preserved, and have been widely distributed. President Joseph F. Smith has in his possession Lyman Wight's memorial, and also pages 3 to 22 of the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon, which are, considering all things, fairly well preserved. Elders Andrew Jenson, Edward Stevenson, Joseph W. Summerhays and others also obtained portions of the original manuscript. Some of it, we understand, was also in the possession of Joseph Smith of the "Reorganization," but only a small fragment. Thus the original manuscript, that portion that was not destroyed by the elements, has been scattered. This is what became of the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon,\* and the statement of the above mentioned "sec-

\* For further particulars in relation to this subject, see the M. I. A. Manual for 1903, No 7, lesson 9.

retary" is a mistake. We trust that he will examine carefully that printer's copy and scrutinize the names of the witnesses and the printer's marks and note the fact that he has deceived himself that he may correct his error and cease to practice this deception on his unsuspecting people.

After all, what does it matter what became of the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon? It is valueless, save as a relic. The statement has gone forth that the Church offered a large sum for the printer's copy. No such offer was ever made. The Book of Mormon has been translated into more than a dozen languages, and hundreds of thousands of copies have been published at a price so reasonable that it is within the reach of all—the same as that of the original manuscript. If the Prophet had considered the original manuscript of any value as a work of reference, he would not have placed it in the foundation of the Nauvoo House.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

### THE UNKNOWN.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

There are songs enough for the hero,  
Who dwells on the heights of fame;  
I sing for the disappointed,  
For those who missed their aim.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Some lives have never been written,	Victories glorious, triumphant,
Some stories have never been told,	Though no one may witness the fray,
Grave secrets in proud hearts lie hidden,	And often the jewel most precious,
And sorrows too keen to unfold.	Lies buried in deeps far away.
Some depths have never been sounded,	But I know there is joy for each sor-
Some heights no mortal can reach;	row,
Some questions have never been an-	I know there are smiles for each tear.
swered,	That when the great Book is laid open,
Some thoughts have never found	Vexed questions will all be made
speech.	clear.
There are heroes dwelling in silence,	There are songs for the hero unknown,
Forsaken and always unsung;	Far sweeter than music of earth;
And battles are fought in the stillness,	And he who has conquered in silence,
Where victories mighty are won—	The universe chanteth his worth.

His glory sheds over the ages,  
Far out through the limits of time;  
To find a famed niche in His Temple,  
And radiate with the Divine.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

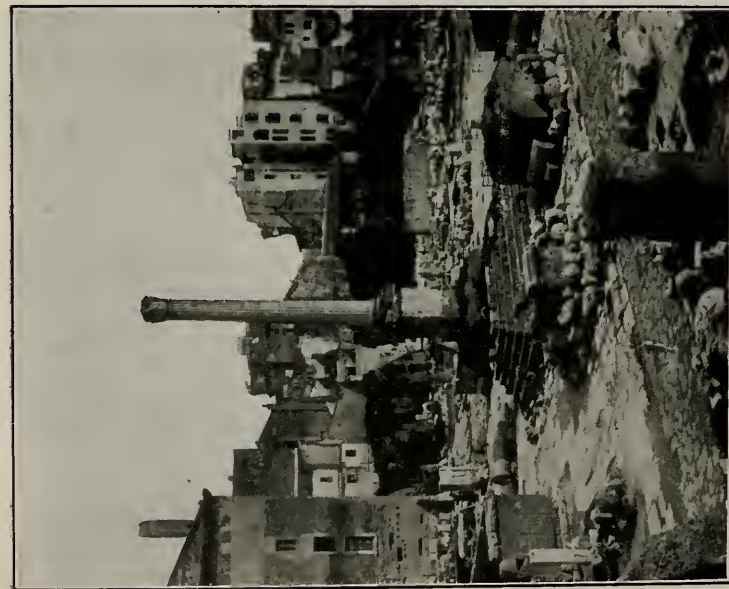
RUTH MAY FOX.



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX—  
ROMAN FORUM.



RUINS OF THE "ATRIUM VESTÆ."



COLUMN OF PHOCAS



ST. PAUL'S HOUSE AT ROME.



## THE CLOSING YEARS OF ST. PAUL'S LIFE IN ROME.

BY COL. R. M. BRYCE THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "MY REASONS FOR LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

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### IV.

Next came the beautiful temple of Castor and Pollux, built in B. C. 495, to commemorate the victory of Lake Regillus, of which only three Corinthian columns now remain, but they are among the most beautiful of those to be found in Rome. The two fabulous youths, Castor and Pollux, known generally as the *Dioscuri*, were heroes who received divine honors at Sparta, and were worshiped in Italy, Greece, and Sicily. They are said to have rendered great aid to the Romans in their fight against the Latins at the battle of Lake Regillus, and it is said that the temple was erected to their honor at the place where they had been seen after the battle, close to the "Ædes Vestæ" or temple of Vesta.

This last named structure is attributed originally to Numa Pompilius, who reigned in Rome from B. C. 715 to B. C. 673. In close proximity to it stood the "Atrium Vestæ," or residence of the six Vestal Virgins, whose duty it was to keep up the sacred fire day and night in the temple, and who were the constituted custodians of certain sacred objects, including the renowned "Palladium" or image of Pallas, which, it is said, fell from heaven when Ilus was founding Ilium or Troy, and which Æneas the Trojan prince carried away with him afterwards to Italy along with the Phrygian "Penates," or household gods. It was for the perpetual

custody of such that Numa at first appointed four Vestals, for it was a belief among the Romans, that so long as the image was safe the city would be safe also, but that if ever the image should be stolen or lost, the city would be inevitably destroyed. The sacred fire was kept continually burning from about B.C. 700 till the worship of Vesta was abolished by the Emperor Theodosius the Great, in A. D. 394, or for about the period of eleven hundred years. The original four Vestal priestesses were increased in number by two under the great fundamental political changes that King Tarquin, the first, introduced among the Romans during his reign of thirty-eight years, from B. C. 617 to B. C. 579.

To the right would be seen the "Curia", or senate house, built by Tullus Hostilius, who reigned in Rome from B. C. 673 to B. C. 641, for the accommodation of the Roman parliament. The building was called from its founder the "Curia Hostilia." Close by was the triumphal arch of Fabius Quintus Maximus, the conqueror of the Allobroges, a powerful people of Gaul, in the year B. C. 121. This was the first arch ever erected in the Roman forum. Next stood the temple of Janus, a deity occupying a very important position in Roman mythology, and usually represented with two faces looking in opposite directions, sometimes with four faces looking to the four quarters of the globe, because he was a god who presided over the four seasons. As he was believed to preside over the beginning of everything, he was always involved first in every undertaking, and as he thus opened the year, the first month was named after him—January. This temple was built by Numa Pompilius, before B. C. 673, at the extremity of the street called by the Romans "Argiletus," its doors being always closed in seasons of peace, but open in times of war. Only on three different occasions in seven hundred years were the doors closed, as during almost the whole of that period the Romans were involved in war in various parts of the then known world.

Adjoining the temple would be seen the renowned Basilica Æmilia, named after M. Æmilius Lepidus, the consul, who was subsequently Pontifex Maximus. It was originally erected in B.C. 179 by M. Fulvius Nobilior, who was censor in that year, and was thoroughly repaired and enlarged in B. C. 55, by L. Æmilius Paulus, brother of the above named M. Æmilius Lepidus. The latter

with Antony and Octavian Augustus formed the second triumvirate, in B. C. 43, and they then agreed to divide the world between them, an arrangement that was to last for five years. In Dr. Smith's classical dictionary it is stated that these three published a list of all their enemies whose lives were to be sacrificed and their property confiscated, resulting in upwards of two thousand equites or knights, and three hundred senators, being put to death, among whom was the great orator Cicero.

From the present excavations of the forum, it is not difficult to conceive of the stateliness of the Basilica Æmilia, with its grand marble columns, and its lofty colonnades. Probably the most noticeable of its features were the four rows of these same magnificent columns of pavonazzetto (or Phrygian) marble. It is said that in A. D. 386 they were removed to the church of St. Paul's outside the walls, when Valentinian was emperor and Sulpicius was pope. The tomb of Romulus, a comparatively late discovery, is situated close by, as is also the Dailian column.

Towards the center of the forum stood the temple tomb of Julius Cæsar, built in B. C. 29 by Cæsar Augustus, wherein the latter deposited the ashes of that great man. There was also an altar, and a beautiful porphyry column of the deified hero. A rostrum, too, had been erected in front of the temple, called the rostra Julia, and it was from that same tribune that Mark Antony, at the funeral of the murdered dictator, on the 19th or 20th March, B. C. 41, pronounced his celebrated oration which produced so great an excitement among the people that, when he held up the toga of the murdered man covered with blood, the disturbance rose to a tumultuous riot.

Other fine edifices and columns, with statues and bas-reliefs of exquisite workmanship, met the gaze of Paul and his companions as they took a rapid survey of the great forum which lay before and a little below them, notably the Regia, or official residence of the Pontifex Maximus, said to have been erected on the site where Numa Pompilius had his palace seven hundred years before the Christian era. It stood by the side of the "Sacra Via," near the shrine of Vesta and the house of the Vestals, and was the depository of the celebrated spears of Mars. There is a legend that before any great calamity happened to the nation, these spears

would oscillate and tremble of themselves, and that previous to the murder of Julius Cæsar they were seen to shake, thus indicating the impending catastrophe which immediately followed. Notable also were the *Milliarium aureum*, erected by Augustus in B. C. 28, and the *Umbilicus urbis Romæ*. In Piali's hand book on Rome I find the following description of these two columns:

The former was the golden milestone or bronze column gilt, which stood at the end of the Rostra Nova near to where the column of Phocas now stands. On this milestone was written the distance from every gate of the city to the principal provincial towns in subjection to Rome. The Umbilicus stood at the other end of the Græco-stasis, or curved part of the Rostra, and denoted the exact center of the city.

I cannot imagine a more striking prospect, to one seeing it for the first time, than must have been this renowned Roman forum, with its superb, delicate and perfect styles of Græco-Roman architecture, its fine statues and exquisite bas-reliefs, and variegated and rare kinds of marbles, which tended so greatly to enhance the beauty and stateliness of its buildings.

Through a portion of this forum, St. Paul was conducted, amid temples and shops, round the base of the Palatine hill to the Excubitorium (*excubiæ* means sentinels) or barracks of the household troops attached to the imperial palace, and was there handed over to Afranius Burrus, the prefect of the pretorian guards, whose official duty it was to maintain in custody all accused persons who were to be tried before the emperor himself. Burrus, from all accounts, was an honest and kindly dispositioned man, and it may perhaps have been in some degree due to this fact, and to the good report of the Apostle made to him by the Centurion Julius, that Paul was permitted to enjoy a certain amount of freedom, being merely subjected, as Dr. Farrar tells us, to that kind of *custodia militaris*, which was known as *observatis*. Instead of being confined in the cells of the barracks, he was "suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him" (Acts xxviii: 16); but under the harsh Roman system, the favored prisoner, although treated as leniently as possible, had to bear the almost intolerable trial of being always chained to a soldier. We find Paul referring to his bonds in all the epistles which he wrote while a captive in Rome, namely, those to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and to



Philemon, and we further find him alluding to them on the day on which he made his first public discourse, after his arrival in Rome; "For the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain" (Acts xxviii: 20). Doubtless these galling links must have been exceedingly irksome to the great Apostle, but may we not conclude that his consistent and upright life cannot but have created the most favorable impression possible upon those soldiers with whom, from time to time, he was coupled and brought into such close association, and that in this way our Heavenly Father was furthering his great purposes in the dissemination of the truths of the gospel, even into the very household of Cæsar himself. In writing to the Philippians Paul would seem to have taken this same view of his trials, for he wrote: "But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel; so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places," (Philippians i: 12, 13); and in concluding this epistle he added: "All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household." (Philippians iv: 22).

It was but very shortly after Paul had reached Rome that he sent for the principal men of the Roman Jews in order to explain matters to them, and to unfold some of those glorious truths for which he was in bonds, for we read, in Acts xxviii: 17, that he called them together only three days after his arrival in the city, and having then apparently raised their desire to hear him discourse upon Christian doctrines, a day was appointed (verse 23) for the purpose, upon which "there came many to him into his lodging, to whom he expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets from morning till evening;" and thus Paul lost no time in commencing the great work for which the Lord had sent him to Rome. This closes the history of the Apostle as recorded in the scriptures, with the exception of an intimation to the effect that he was in Rome for two whole years, residing in his own hired house, gladly receiving all who cared to go to him, and always busily employed in preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching the things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ. (Acts xxviii: 30, 31).

The dilitoriness on the part of Cæsar in disposing of Paul's appeal, and thus subjecting him to an irksome durance for two whole years, may not have been altogether the emperor's fault. Doubtless the Roman emperors were never much in the habit of considering any one but themselves, certainly not their prisoners, and least of all the despised Christian ones, who had therefore not unfrequently to wait the imperial pleasure for months and perhaps years together; but in this special case of the Apostle, the charges which had been brought against him of causing factious disturbances, of being a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes, and of attempting to profane the temple at Jerusalem, (an offense punishable under the Roman law, inasmuch as that law protected the Jews in the exercise of their worship), necessitated the summoning of witnesses from Judea, and those remote places in Asia where Paul had journeyed and preached the gospel. Means of communication and locomotion were slow and uncertain in those days, and it probably took months for the processes of the courts of justice to reach their distant destinations, followed by months of travel for the witnesses to reach Rome. Under these circumstances it was fortunate for Paul that he was not confined in some gruesome prison cell during his two years Roman residence, and the special leniency with which he was treated, in not only being permitted to live in his own hired house, but also to receive all who came to see him and to preach the gospel, was probably due, among other causes to which reference has already been made, to the fact that he was a Roman citizen, although a Jew, the law not permitting of a Roman being incarcerated without having been first tried and condemned. Paul, it will be remembered, had on more than one occasion strongly asserted his citizen rights. In Acts xvi: 37, 38, we read that when at Philippi, in Macedonia, Paul and Silas were beaten and imprisoned, and when the magistrates sent word next day to let them go, Paul said: "They have beaten us openly uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now do they thrust us out privily? Nay verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out." Again we find in the twenty-second chapter of the Acts a description of Paul's speech which Claudias Lysias, the chief captain, after rescuing him, had permitted him to address the people at

Jerusalem. That speech having resulted in a great disturbance, Lysias commanded him to be brought into the castle, and directed that he should be examined by scourging. Paul naturally resented so unjust an act on the part of the chief captain, so while being bound he said to the Centurion, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?" Then again, it was in the exercise of the rights which he decidedly possessed as a Roman citizen that he made his appeal from the court of Festus to that of Cæsar, for such a right could not be claimed by any subject of Rome other than one who possessed full citizenship. To this fact therefore may be attributed in a very great measure the general treatment meted out to the Apostle Paul while in Rome, a treatment which permitted him as much freedom as was consistent with the harsh laws then in force regarding accused persons, and which accorded him the privilege of residing in his own hired house, instead of being detained as a prisoner in some dark cell or other dismal place of custody.

The exact location of the house occupied by the Apostle is a somewhat debated point. Dr. Farrar believes that Paul would not have been permitted to seek a lodging in the Jewish quarter near the river Tiber, since it would have been a long way from the guard that supplied the soldier to whom Paul was continually linked, and he therefore infers that the Apostle's hired apartment must have been within close range of the Prætorian camp, which was on the opposite side of the city to the ghetto. This view is altogether opposed to Jewish tradition in Rome, which has handed down a house in the Jewish quarter as the hired house of Paul. This tradition is greatly supported by the assertion of the Romish church to the effect that the great Apostle of the Gentiles had a school on the site of the present church of St. Paolo alla Regola, which is situated near to the house claimed by Jewish tradition to be the one which Paul occupied. This house stands in *via degli Strengari*, close to the corner of that street and of *via di S. Bartolomeo dei Vaccinari*, not far from the Tiber and in the ghetto. The ancient name of the street in which the house stands was *Vicus Æscletus*.

Both the Reverend Dr. Philip, the author of *The Ghetto in*

*Rome*, who seems to have made a careful investigation into the subject, and also a learned lecturer whom I had the opportunity of hearing on the question when at Rome, greatly prefer the Jewish tradition; and it seems to me that they have good reasons for so doing; because, since Paul was indulged to the extent of being permitted to reside in his own hired house, and to receive his friends and all who chose to visit him, he would have been far more likely to have selected a residence in a quarter frequented by his own countrymen than one in proximity to the military barracks, where it would have probably been extremely difficult for his Christian friends and Jewish acquaintances to pay him frequent visits, or to see very much of him at any time. The house is still standing, and, although upper additions were made to it in mediæval times; the old inner walls are still to be seen, as well as the old entrance which has one of its ancient columns remaining up to the present time.

Rome, at the time of Paul's arrival in A. D. 61, was ruled by an emperor who has left behind him a record of perhaps the grossest licentiousness, tyranny, cruelty, and brutality to be found in any portion of the civilized world. His original name was Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus, but after his mother, Agrippina, had married the Emperor Claudius, and as soon as his step-father had formally adopted him as his successor, he changed his name to Nero Claudius Cæsar Drusus Germanicus. Nero is a Sabine word meaning brave. He inaugurated his reign by murdering Britannicus, the son of the late Emperor Claudius (A. D. 55), and four years afterwards he put his own mother to death. In A. D. 62, he divorced and executed his wife Octavia, so that he might marry his mistress Poppæa Sabina, the wife of Otho, who was one of his own boon companions. It is understood that it was at Poppæa's instigation that all these atrocious crimes were committed. She is reported to have been a woman of great personal beauty, but not of the strictest morals. Josephus, the Jewish historian, tells us that she was half a proselyte to Judaism, and a patroness of the Jews; and this would therefore account for the fact that, when Josephus himself came to Rome in the second year of Paul's stay in that city, to try and obtain the liberation of certain Jewish priests Felix had sent to Rome as prisoners, he found a powerful friend



at court, and returned to Judea laden with gifts presented to him by Poppæa. It is supposed that Paul, being a Jew, shared some of the favors which were at that time being extended to the Jews at Rome, for, as we have already seen, he was being treated with comparative leniency, and had been granted a considerable degree of freedom of speech, and of intercourse with those of his own nation and faith without let or hindrance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Paris, France.

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### NOT SEEING, BUT BELIEVING.

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[This poem has received favorable commendation in wards and stakes where Elder William J. Kohlberg has recited it. He says it was presented to him in time of trial, by a German sister, after he embraced the gospel.—EDITORS.]

The clouds hang heavy round my way,  
I cannot see;  
But through the darkness I believe  
God leadeth me.  
'Tis sweet to keep my hand in his  
While all is dim;  
To close my weary, aching eyes,  
And follow him.  
Through many a thorny path he leads  
My tired feet;  
Through many a path of tears I go,  
But it is sweet  
To know that he is close to me.  
My God, my Guide,  
He leadeth me; and so I walk  
Quite satisfied.  
To my blind eyes he may reveal  
No light at all;  
But while I lean on his strong arm,  
I cannot fall!

# THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS.

PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA.

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BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

IMLAC ENTERS, AND CHANGES THE CONVERSATION.

Here Imlac entered and interrupted them. "Imlac," said Rasselas, "I have been taking from the princess the dismal history of private life, and am almost discouraged from further search."

"It seems to me," said Imlac, "that while you are making the choice of life you neglect to live. You wander about a single city, which however large and diversified, can now afford few novelties, and forget that you are in a country famous among the earliest monarchies for the power and wisdom of its inhabitants; a country where the sciences first dawned that illuminate the world, and beyond which the arts cannot be traced of civil society or domestic life.

"The old Egyptians have left behind them monuments of industry and power, before which all European magnificence is confessed to fade away. The ruins of their architecture are the schools of modern builders, and from the wonders which time has spared, we may conjecture, though uncertainly, what it has destroyed."

"My curiosity," said Rasselas, "does not very strongly lead me to survey the piles of stone or mounds of earth; my business is with man. I came hither not to measure fragments of temples, or trace choked aqueducts, but to look upon the various scenes of the present world."

"The things that are now before us," said the princess,

‘require attention and deserve it. What have I to do with the heroes or the monuments of ancient times? with times which never can return, and heroes, whose form of life was different from all that the present condition or man requires or allows?’

‘To know anything,’ returned the poet, ‘we must know its effects; to see men we must see their works, that we may learn what reason has dictated, or passion has incited, and find what are the most powerful motives of action. To judge rightly of the present, we must oppose it to the past; for all judgment is comparative, and of the future nothing can be known. The truth is that no mind is much employed upon the present: recollection and anticipation fill up almost all our moments. Our passions are joy and grief, love and hatred, hope and fear. Of joy and grief, the past is the object, and the future of hope and fear; even love and hatred respect the past, for the cause must have been before the effect.

‘The present state of things is the consequence of the former, and it is natural to inquire what were the sources of the good that we enjoy, or the evil that we suffer. If we act only for ourselves. to neglect the study of history is not prudent: if we are entrusted with the care of others, it is not just. Ignorance, when it is voluntary, is criminal; and he may be properly charged with evil who refused to learn how he might prevent it.

‘There is no part of history so generally useful as that which relates the progress of the human mind, the gradual improvement of reason, the successive advances of science, the vicissitudes of learning and ignorance, which are the light and darkness of thinking beings, the extinction and resuscitation of arts, and the revolutions of the intellectual world. If accounts of battles and invasions are peculiarly the business of princes, the useful or elegant arts are not to be neglected, those who have kingdoms to govern have understandings to cultivate.

‘Example is always more efficacious than precept. A soldier is formed in war, and a painter must copy pictures. In this, contemplative life has the advantage: great actions are seldom seen, but the labors of art are always at hand for those who desire to know what art has been able to perform.

‘When the eye or the imagination is struck with an uncommon

work, the next transition of an active mind is to the means by which it was performed. Here begins the true use of such contemplation; we enlarge our comprehension by new ideas and perhaps recover some art lost to mankind, or learn what is less perfectly known in our own country. At least, we compare our own with former times, and either rejoice at our improvements, or, what is the first motion towards good, discover our defects."

"I am willing," said the prince, "to see all that can deserve my search." "And I," said the princess, "shall rejoice to learn something of the manners of antiquity."

"The most pompous monument of Egyptian greatness, and one of the most bulky works of manual industry," said Imlac, "are the Pyramids, fabrics raised before the time of history, and of which the earliest narratives afford us only uncertain traditions. Of these the greatest is still standing, very little injured by time."

"Let us visit them tomorrow," said Nekayah. "I have often heard of the Pyramids, and shall not rest until I have seen them within and without with my own eyes."

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### THEY VISIT THE PYRAMIDS.

The resolution being taken, they set out the next day. They laid tents upon their camels, being resolved to stay among the Pyramids till their curiosity was fully satisfied. They traveled gently, turned aside to everything remarkable, stopped from time to time and conversed with the inhabitants, and observed the various appearances of towns ruined and inhabited, of wild and cultivated nature.

When they came to the great Pyramid, they were astonished at the extent of the base, and the height of the top. Imlac explained to them the principle upon which the pyramidal form was chosen for a fabric intended to co-extend its duration with that of the world: he showed that its gradual diminution gave it such stability as defeated all the common attacks of the elements, and could scarcely be overthrown by earthquakes themselves, the least resistible of natural violence. A concussion that should



shatter the Pyramid would threaten the dissolution of the continent.

They measured all its dimensions, and pitched their tents at its foot. Next day they prepared to enter its interior apartments; and having hired the common guides, climbed up to the first passage, when the favorite of the princess, looking into the cavity, stepped back and trembled. "Pekuah," said the princess, "of what art thou afraid?" "Of the narrow entrance," answered the lady, "and of the dreadful gloom. I dare not enter a place that must surely be inhabited by unquiet souls. The original possessors of these dreadful vaults will start up before us, and perhaps shut us in forever." She spoke, and threw her arms around the neck of her mistress.

"If all your fear be of apparitions," said the prince, "I will promise you safety; there is no danger from the dead; he that is once buried will be seen no more."

"That the dead are seen no more," said Imlac, "I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears.

"Yet I do not mean to add new terrors to those which have already seized upon Pekuah. There can be no reason why specters should haunt the Pyramid more than other places, or why they should have power or will to hurt innocence or purity. Our entrance is no violation of their privileges; we can take nothing from them, how can we offend them?"

"My dear Pekuah," said the princess, "I will always go before you, and Imlac shall follow you. Remember that you are the companion of the princess of Abyssinia."

"If the princess is pleased that her servant should die," returned the lady, "let her command some death less dreadful

than enclosure in this horrid cavern; you know I dare not disobey you; I must go if you command me; but if I once enter, I never shall come back."

The princess saw that her fear was too strong for expostulation or reproof; and, embracing her, told her that she should stay in the tent till their return. Pekuah was yet not satisfied, but entreated the princess not to pursue so dreadful a purpose as that of entering the recesses of the Pyramid. "Though I cannot teach courage," said Nekayah, "I must not learn cowardice; nor leave at last undone what I came hither only to do."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THEY ENTER THE PYRAMID.

Pekuah descended to the tents, and the rest entered the Pyramid: they passed through the galleries, surveyed the vaults of marble, and examined the chest in which the body of the founder is supposed to have been repositied. They then sat down in one of the most spacious chambers to rest awhile before they attempted to return.

"We have now," said Imlac, "gratified our minds with an exact view of the greatest work of man, except the wall of China.

"Of the wall it is very easy to assign the motive. It secured a wealthy and timorous nation from the incursions of barbarians, whose unskillfulness in the arts made it easier for them to supply their wants by rapine than by industry, and who from time to time poured in upon the habitations of peaceful commerce as vultures descend upon domestic fowl. Their celerity and fierceness rendered the wall necessary, and their ignorance made it efficacious.

"But, for the Pyramids no reason has ever been given adequate to the cost and labor of the work. The narrowness of the chambers proves that it could afford no retreat from enemies, and treasures might have been repositied at far less expense with equal security. It seems to have been erected only in compliance with that hunger of imagination which preys incessantly upon life and must be always appeased by some employment. Those who have already all that they can enjoy must enlarge their desires. He

that has built for use, till use is supplied, must begin to build for vanity, and extend his plan to the utmost power of human performance, that he may not be soon reduced to form another wish.

"I consider this mighty structure as a monument of the insufficiency of human enjoyments. A king, whose power is unlimited, and whose treasures surmount all real and imaginary wants, is compelled to solace, by the erection of a Pyramid, the satiety of dominion and tastelessness of pleasures, and to amuse the tediousness of declining life, by seeing thousands laboring without end, and one stone, for no purpose, laid upon another. Whoever thou art that, not content with a moderate condition, imaginest happiness in royal magnificence, and dreamest that command or riches can feed the appetite of novelty with perpetual gratifications, survey the Pyramids, and confess thy folly."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## THE PRINCESS MEETS WITH AN UNEXPECTED MISFORTUNE.

They rose up and returned through the cavity at which they had entered, and the princess prepared for her favorite a long narrative of dark labyrinths and costly rooms, and of the different impressions which the varieties of the way had made upon her. But when they came to their train, they found every one silent and dejected, the men discovered fear and shame in their countenances, and the women were weeping in the tents.

What had happened they did not try to conjecture, but immediately inquired. "You had scarcely entered into the Pyramids" said one of the attendants, "when a troop of Arabs rushed upon us; we were too few to resist them, and too slow to escape. They were about to search the tents, set us on our camels, and drive us along before them, when the approach of some Turkish horsemen put them to flight: but they seized the lady Pekuah with her two maids and carried her away; the Turks are now pursuing them by our instigation, but I fear they will not be able to overtake them."

The princess was overpowered with surprise and grief. Rasselas, in the first heat of his resentment, ordered his servants to follow him, and prepared to pursue the robbers with his saber in

his hand. "Sir," said Imlac, "what can you hope from violence or valor? The Arabs are mounted on horses trained to battle and retreat; we have only beasts of burden. By leaving our present station we may lose the princess, but cannot hope to regain Pekuah."

In a short time the Turks returned, having not been able to reach the enemy. The princess burst out into new lamentations, and Rasselas could scarcely forbear to reproach them with cowardice; but Imlac was of opinion that the escape of the Arabs was no addition to their misfortune, for perhaps they would have killed their captives rather than have resigned them.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### THEY RETURN TO CAIRO WITHOUT PEKUAH.

There was nothing to be hoped from longer stay. They returned to Cairo, repenting their curiosity, censuring the negligence of the government, lamenting their own rashness, which had neglected to procure a guard, imagining many expedients by which the loss of Pekuah might have been prevented, and resolving to do something for her recovery, though none could find anything proper to be done.

Nekayah retired to her chamber, where her women attempted to comfort her, by telling her that all had their troubles, and that lady Pekuah had enjoyed much happiness in the world for a long time, and might reasonably expect a change of fortune. They hoped that some good would befall her wherever she was, and that their mistress would find another friend who might supply her place.

The princess made them no answer, and they continued the form of condolence, not much grieved in their hearts that the favorite was lost.

Next day the prince presented to the Bassa a memorial of the wrong which he had suffered, and a petition for redress. The Bassa threatened to punish the robbers, but did not attempt to catch them, nor indeed could any account or description be given by which he might direct the pursuit.

It soon appeared that nothing could be done by authority.



Governors being accustomed to hear of more crimes than they can punish, and more wrongs than they can redress, set themselves at ease by indiscriminate negligence, and presently forget the request when they lose sight of the petitioner.

Imlac then endeavored to gain some intelligence by private agents. He found many who pretended to an exact knowledge of all the haunts of Arabs, and to regular correspondence with their chiefs, and who readily undertook the recovery of Pekuah. Of these, some were furnished with money for their journey and came back no more; some were liberally paid for accounts which a few days discovered to be false. But the princess would not suffer any means, however improbable, to be left untried. While she was doing something she kept her hope alive. As one expedient failed, another was suggested; when one messenger returned unsuccessful, another was dispatched to a different quarter.

Two months had now passed, and of Pekuah nothing had been heard; the hopes which they had endeavored to raise in each other grew more languid; and the princess when she saw nothing more to be tried, sunk down inconsolable in hopeless dejection. A thousand times she reproached herself with the easy compliance by which she permitted her favorite to stay behind her. "Had not my fondness," said she, "lessened my authority, Pekuah had not dared to talk of her terrors. She ought to have feared me more than specters. A severe look would have overpowered her; a peremptory command would have compelled obedience. Why did foolish indulgence prevail upon me? Why did I not speak, and refuse to hear?"

"Great princess," said Imlac, "do not reproach yourself for your virtue, or consider that as blamable by which evil has accidentally been caused. Your tenderness for the timidity of Pekuah was generous and kind. When we act according to our duty, we commit the event to him by whose laws our actions are governed, and who will suffer none to be finally punished for obedience. When, in prospect of some good, whether natural or moral, we break the rules prescribed us, we withdraw from the direction of superior wisdom, and take all consequences upon ourselves. Man cannot so far know the connection of causes and events, as that he may venture to do wrong in order to do right. When we pur-

sue our end by lawful means, we may always console our miscarriage by the hope of future recompense. When we consult only our own policy, and attempt to find a nearer way to good, by overleaping the settled boundaries of right and wrong, we cannot be happy even by success, because we cannot escape the consciousness of our fault: but if we miscarry, the disappointment is irremediably embittered. How comfortless is the sorrow of him who feels at once the pangs of guilt, and the vexation of calamity which guilt has brought upon him!

“Consider, princess, what would have been your condition, if the lady Pekuah had entreated to accompany you, and being compelled to stay in the tents, had been carried away; or how you would have borne the thought if you had forced her into the Pyramid, and she had died before you in agonies of terror?”

“Had either happened,” said Nekayah, “I could not have endured life till now: I should have been tortured to madness by the remembrance of such cruelty, or must have pined away in abhorrence of myself.”

“This, at least,” said Imlac, “is the present reward of virtuous conduct, that no unlucky consequence can oblige us to repent it.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### GIVE EAR IN TIME OF NEED.

Captain of Israel's mighty host,  
Guard well thy scattered sheep;  
E'en though they roam in distant lands,  
Or drift upon the deep.  
Protect them with thine outstretched  
arm,  
To every cry give heed;  
When they to dark distress are driven,  
Give ear in time of need.

Kind, merciful and loving Friend,  
To thee thy people cry;  
O wilt thou ever watch them with  
Thine all-beholding eye?

Logan, Utah.

Thou knowest all their weaknesses,  
And scans their every deed.  
Keep thou a shepherd's watch, and still  
Give ear in time of need.

E'en thou who watched that chosen seed,  
In Caanan's holy land,  
Still watch and bless in latter times  
Another chosen band.  
A band of covenant children  
Who in thy pastures feed,  
Whose constant cry is: Lord, wilt thou  
Give ear in time of need?

SARAH E. MITTON.

## REVELATION ANTE-DATING SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY—AN INSTANCE.

BY FRED JAMES PACK, A. M., PH. D.

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The February number of the ERA contained a short article by the present writer, entitled, *Revelation Ante-dating Scientific Discovery—An Instance*. The article dealt primarily with the statements in the Book of Mormon concerning the existence of horses on the American continent prior to its discovery by Columbus. It was pointed out that these statements were published to the world at a time when it was generally believed that no horses existed here previous to their introduction by the Spanish. It was further shown that science had come to the support of revelation in this matter, and that it is now known with certainty that prehistoric horses were abundant in both North and South America. This appeared to the writer as good evidence supporting the divinity of the Book of Mormon.

The author feels, however, that the force of the argument was completely destroyed by an attached editorial note, in which it was stated that "the author might have added, further, that more recent investigations have led to the conclusion that America is the original home of the horse." Had this been done it would be erroneous, as the more primitive type has been found in Europe and not in America. Further, nothing is "more recent" than the work of the American Museum of Natural History, to which frequent reference was made.

The writer of the note thinks that we are in an "embarrassing difficulty" because "the fossil remains are held to be of very much greater antiquity than either Jaredite or Nephite times," and then

concludes that "too great antiquity may be claimed for most of the evidence relating to the existence of the horse in the western world." It should here be noted that horses certainly did exist for many ages before the advent of man, but this does not argue that they were not afterward contemporaneous with him.

Accompanying the article was a photograph of the skeletal remains of two ancient American horses. It was not assumed as part of the argument that the horses in question lived during Nephite or even Jaredite times. On the contrary, it is believed with great assurance that they are very much older. No one who is acquainted with the conditions will argue that the Pliocene horses were contemporaneous with the Nephites or Jaredites. This admission does not in any way affect the validity of the argument set forth in the previous article.

When the Book of Mormon was published, in 1830, it was generally believed that the horses introduced by the Spanish were the only ones ever known to America, but it has since been proved that they appeared on the western continent ages ago, and further, that they had disappeared, or nearly so, at the time of the discovery by Columbus. The exact date of their extinction is not known. Their remains are found in the most recent geological formations. They continued here after the introduction of man, and how much longer is problematical. Professor W. D. Matthew of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, considers it quite probable that they were destroyed by the early hunters. He implies that a few of them may have lived down to the time of Columbus:

All of these horses became extinct both in North and South America. Why, we do not know. It may have been that they were unable to stand the cold of the winters, probably longer continued and much more severe during the Ice Age than now. *It is very probable that man—the early tribes of prehistoric hunters—played a large part in extinguishing the race.\** The competition with the bison and the antelope, which had recently migrated to America, may have made it more difficult than formerly for the American horse to get a living. Or, finally, some unknown disease or prolonged season of drought may have exterminated the race. Whatever the cause, the horse had disappeared from the New World when the white man invaded it (*unless a few individuals still lingered on the remote plains*

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\* The italics are mine.



of south America), and in his place the bison had come and spread over the prairies of the North.' (Supplement to *American Museum Journal*, Second Edition, May, 1905.)

The Book of Mormon announced to the world that horses were known in America many centuries before Christ. Science has subsequently traced their existence still farther back. Neither of these sources discloses the date of their disappearance. One of the Nephite prophets incidentally mentions them as late as the third decade of the Christian era (III Nephi 6: 1), and now one of our foremost scientists thinks it not impossible that some may have lingered on as late as the fifteenth century.

Logan, Utah.

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### PRAISE THE LORD.

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Give thanks to God who dwells in heaven above,  
Who manifests to all his tender love;  
My brothers, sisters, let us join in praise,  
And voice our gratitude in joyous lays.

Sing praise to him who reaches out his hand  
To bless, in Christ, the meek in every land.  
Sing praise to him: he shields his faithful flock,  
And founds their faith on revelation's rock.

Let still your praise in gladsome pæans rise  
To him who rules the earth and boundless skies,  
And with applauding songs let acts accrue;  
As swift in praise, be strong in labor, too.

Sing praise to him, and let your days be spent  
In thanks for all his gracious mercies, lent  
To cheer his children through the gloom and strife  
That leads to glory and eternal life.

Ogden, Utah.

NIELS F. GREEN.

# THE DEPENDENCE OF MORALITY UPON RELIGION.

BY CLAUDE T. BARNES.

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## III.

Having considered the deplorable result of the world's loss of even its fallible religions, and the auspicious moral tendency of a people whose belief in their religion is firmer than ever before, let us, now, come to the indeterminate, but real point of the discussion—the psychological assumptions involved.

That such ethical writers as Hyslop, Martineau, Mackenzie and Harris should consider their casuistry all-sufficient, is not surprising when we perceive that ethical philosophy is scientific and empirical, while religious ethics is spiritual and metaphysical. These casuists present many ingenious arguments in support of the theory that scientific ethics will maintain the world's moral equilibrium; hence it is best to meet them one at a time.

James Martineau brought forward what Hyslop considers a complete refutation of the religious assumption; and it may be classified here as the childhood argument. Martineau said:

“Childhood itself, small as are its concerns, is full of its moral enthusiasms and indignations, quick with its shame and compunction, bright with its self-approval; and, with all its heedlessness, betrays every day the inner working and eager growth of conscience”—and he goes on to say that the little child knows nothing about religion; hence its morality is not caused by religion.

On its face, the syllogism is a clever and good answer; but

probably it is a sophism, after all. We grant that the child knows nothing of religion, and that it has morality; but we do maintain that this morality is caused, after all, by religion. Its morality springs from the religion of its ancestors and is ingrained in its nature, even during development before it is born. This is a broad principle, necessitating some illustration and proof.

On the basis of a normal type or standard, hereditary influences appear in three classes: (1) those which tend to produce a *degenerate* individual; (2) those which incline to produce a *normal* individual; and (3) those which bid fair to produce a person *superior* to the ordinary standard. If, therefore, one of these variations is manifest in one man, a second variation is bound to appear in another; so if we can prove that a certain family begets, as a rule, weak-minded children, it follows, of necessity, that some other family, as a rule, calls into being strong-minded children. Again, if one child may get a poor morality from its parents, some other child must get, from its parents, a good conception of morality.

Now, let us examine those anomalies which, from scientific demonstration, are shown to appear in some families, generation after generation. The first class above—indications of degeneration—is termed *stigmata hereditatis*, and may be divided into three groups: anatomic stigmata, physiologic stigmata, and psychic stigmata.

In anatomic stigmata, one may find extremely large heads to be a characteristic of one family, and likewise, in other families, the following:

Facial asymmetry;

Deformities of the palate, of the tongue and lips;

Crookedness of the teeth;

Peculiarities of the eye—flecks on the iris, strabismus, and chromatic asymmetry of the iris;

Misproportions of the body in general—hernias, dwarfishness, giantism, and malformations of the breasts.

Under physiologic stigmata, one may find blindness running through one family, and some of the following peculiarities running through others:

Anomalies of the sensory functions—deaf-mutism, hyperes-

thesia, neuralgia and concentric limitation, limitation of the visual field;

Rarities of speech—mutism and stuttering;

Peculiarities of the genito-urinary function—impotence.

Abnormities of the instinct or appetite—voracity, dipsomania, and irresistible desire for drugs.

The third group—psychic stigmata—has special application to the question at hand, for morality, in its last analysis, is a condition of the mind. The following are the different peculiarities of mind that may come to a child through heredity:

Insanity;

Idiocy;

Imbecility;

Pavor nocturnus;

Precocity—one-sided talents, disequilibrium;

Feeble-mindedness;

Eccentricity;

Moral delinquency;

Sexual perversion.

These facts are supported by Peterson and Haines, Blackmer, Crothers, Chapman and Manns—authorities on medico-legal jurisprudence. In their books they demonstrate by photographs that any one of the anomalies enumerated may come down through one family, generation after generation.

Reverting then to Mr. Martineau's "irrefutable" argument concerning the morality of the child, we easily confute it, "conclusive" though Prof. Hyslop contends it to be, by affirming that not only the child's physical peculiarities, but the very instincts and motions of the brain have come from its parents and ancestors; hence a child's morality is due to the religion of its ancestors, even though the child itself knows not what the word "religion" means. Even though an Indian papoose be abducted and raised exclusively among white people, it will, as it grows, evince the characteristics of an Indian, running horses and whooping as often as he can. Conscience is but the mirror of one's religion; hence, when Mr. Martineau says that the child's conscience arises irrespective of religion, he indulges in a false reasoning, unlike the first only in words. Had the child, to which Mr. Martineau referred,



been born from non-Christian parents in the heart of Africa, he would have found its conscience to be just as different as its environment. It follows, then, that as moral delinquency can be transmitted by bad parents to their posterity, moral excellence can be bestowed by good parents to their children; hence, a child's morality is determined by the goodness or badness, in fact, by the religion of its ancestors.

More formidable even than Mr. Martineau's debatable point is Prof. Hyslop's reasoning. The latter lays great stress on the word "sanction," conceding that religion is a sanction of morality, but maintaining that it is not the only sanction. He uses the word "sanction" in the meaning of inducement or incentive, and insists that any one of the following considerations would produce morality, even though religion were non-existent:

Utility, or happiness;

Self-consistency;

Value of the ideal;

Social order;

Public opinion;

Law;

Perfection.

A little reflection on each of the above named motives for righteous living, discloses the potency of Prof. Hyslop's assumption, and even though it is mere *a priori* reasoning, it is supported, of course, by the self-sufficient system of nearly every ethical writer. A confutation of this comprehensive proposition involves, therefore, a negation of the moral sufficiency of every one of the sanctions Mr. Hyslop sets forth.

Utility or happiness,—Utilitarianism as it was called by its originator, John Stuart Mill, is that ethical system which maintains that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is an adequate standard for the production of morality.

Oh happiness, our being's end and aim,  
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.—POPE.

The insufficiency of Utilitarianism lies in its absolute ineffectualness as a preventive of those vices and wrongs inflicted secretly on the person. Utilitarians are liable to believe that a per-

noxious effect of dishonesty upon the world's happiness comes only when it is arrant and open, and that undisclosed crimes are not going to affect anyone but the doer. Under this obviously incompetent and somewhat mischievous standard, in case a very poor employee steals from a wealthy corporation, he has not the slightest compunction of conscience, provided his act is cunningly free from the possibility of disclosure. Where, in Utilitarianism, is there an impediment to undiscoverable cheating and to suicide? where a dissuasion from concealed habits of drinking, masturbating and smoking? Undoubtedly these secret sins have little to do with the happiness of society in general; but with their commission there can be no complete morality; hence Utilitarianism is a manifestly imperfect substitute for religion.

Less potent than the preceding suggestion of Mr. Hyslop is his assertion that self-consistency is a competent cause of morality. The words are self-explanatory, and derive some origin, perhaps, from the expression of Cicero in his *Paradoxes*:

No man who is wholly consistent within himself, and who reposes all his interest in himself alone, can be otherwise than completely happy.

Now, one of the chief characteristics of a perfect ethical standard is its ubiquity; however secure the ambush, however slight the mischief intended, there also must be the prohibitory warning. Unless the remonstrance appears in all cases, where it should, the source of the dissuasion must be defective to just that extent. Wherein lies the inconsistency of a drunkard's child being a drunkard, too? Its act certainly harmonizes with its hereditary propensities, and probably corresponds with the incompetency of its early instruction. What is there discordant in one being vain, unneighborly, inaffable, and acrimonious, if one's model is self? Such a fragile platform as self-consistency will not support one where self-love and self-comfort presses upon one's mind, demanding satisfaction, at any cost. He who, like Jekyll and Hyde, is good at one time and bad at another, is inconsistent and hypocritical; but he who is bad all the time, and has no desire to reform, cannot be influenced in the slightest, by the shattered idol, self-consistency. To be consistent, is to be morally always the same; but as the life of a scoundrel may be just as uniform and consist-

ent as the life of a worthy, self-consistency is, obviously, inadequate as a moralizing power.

That the value of an ideal is, also, a deficient inducement toward morality appears, by stronger reason, for it is an admitted fact, that usually only cultured and educated people ever think about ideals, while everyone thinks of religion. Besides, if a common man does ponder over an ideal, his conception is usually so peculiarly warped and shaped to fit his environment that it would be defective as a pure regenerating stimulus. Further, an ideal considered from a worldly standpoint, is visionary and unachievable; and from the very fact of its inaccessibility for mortals, conduces despondency and despair. It is meaningless without an inspiring practicability; but if one, inadvertently, contends that the realization of the ideal need not occur in this life, then by adducing, as support, the idea of a future existence, one grants the whole argument of this article—that there can be no complete morality without a religion which includes a belief in life after death. Manifestly, therefore, a mere ideal, unassociated with the hope of attainment, is a weakly makeshift in the absence of that which includes all—religion.

Much more unsubstantial than any of the foregoing assumptions of Prof. Hyslop, is his theory as to the power of social order in substitution to religion. The refutation of the presumption concerning Utilitarianism includes an answer to the contention as to the moralizing sufficiency of social order, the latter being realistic, while the former is both realistic and idealistic. What restraint can it be to a libertine to importune with the words, "Cease your lechery; it is against the social order"? Like Malacasta in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, the voluptuary cares more for libertinism than for social welfare; and seldom does he repent unless brought face to face with the awfulness of death. A drunkard may often commend sobriety; but he himself never will become a teetotaler from the mere consideration of the social good. Likewise, an epicure will not be indisposed to further gluttony because someone tells him that Apicius hung himself when he had spent his fortune on the table, and that Greece and Rome degenerated the moment they began to worship Manduce and Plutus. Anyone who is inordinately selfish, such as an egoist or

nepotist, will never be influenced in the slightest by the common welfare; but, on the contrary, only that which pronounces upon his personal safety, and leads him to believe it may sometime have complete power over him, can be effective in its warnings. Moreover, in ancient times, the Greeks undoubtedly murdered their cripples for the "social good," just as today Russians are slaughtering Jews for the sake of the social order. Who understands the social order more than W. E. Corey, who has disgracefully left a faithful wife for an actress, Mabel Gillman? Does the social order prevent the illicit relations existing between Prince Joachim and Marie Sulzer, or between King Leopold and the notorious Cleo De Merode? No! *O tempora! O mores!* What a sickly appeal does the social order have, even to those who should care for it most! So abhorrent are the multifarious examples under this head, that merely to recall them would be reducing the argument on the regenerating power of social order to an absurdity.

A sophism even weaker than the preceding is the contention that public opinion is an adequate producer of morality. Public opinion will not prevent one secret crime, if its perpetrator thinks his tracks are absolutely covered; and further, every criminal has confidence in his ability to keep his deeds secure from public notice. That is the trouble; public opinion does not affect the evil doer until the act is already done. Did the strength of public opinion discourage, constrain, or remonstrate against the frauds of, a number of senators, and insurance presidents recently convicted, —all of them public swindlers? No! Public opinion did not affect them until the misdeeds were discovered, though, like Pandora's box, it then left them only hope. And even though public opinion has since flayed these culprits unmercifully, are there not just as many defaulters, just as many swindlers coming forth all the time? The argument fails: public opinion will not restrain anyone unless there is a possibility of a disclosure of his intended crime.

Probably the most powerful, though certainly the least comprehensive substitute for religion that Prof. Hyslop's list includes, is Law. Yes, it is authoritative and mighty; but, like the others, is inadequate still. A few years ago a smooth-tongued stranger came with a quack doctor, into a village, and during his brief stay there courted and married an unwise but good "Mormon"



girl; then heartlessly deserted her, when the doctor moved on. The act was cruel and heartrending, the young girl's life crushed; but the callous scamp went leisurely on his way, knowing the law to be powerless against him. Instances of the law's deficiency could be multiplied indefinitely, and it would be found that the sins which cut us most deeply, do not come at all under its inculcation. Truly, therefore, to satisfy the law is not necessarily to be completely moral.

Probably the most cogent of Prof. Hyslop's propositions, however, is the one which maintains that Perfection is a sanction of morality, just as effectual as religion itself. To a Latter-day Saint the word perfection has a celestial significance, being associated with his idea of a hallowed state under the sole sovereignty of God; hence it is with no little diffidence that a refutation of the moralizing sufficiency of perfection is herein attempted. With a fervor in his heart and an inspiring knowledge in his mind, the true Saint is daily striving, not by incense and libation, but by works, onward, upward, toward one goal—perfection; but that perfection he does not hope to attain to in this world nor in the world to come. The meaning of perfection will grow, and his progress will go on eternally.

Now, it is just here that Prof. Hyslop's assumption fails: it is admitted by all that perfection is unattainable in this life; but the moment one calls in, as Prof. Hyslop, to be consistent, must do, a future existence as the sphere of perfection's realization, one admits the necessity of that which explains man's relation to the infinite—religion. What futility, what impotence, characterize a standard which sees no hope of realization, no ultimate conquering and joy! As applied to human beings, the word "perfection" is meaningless without a belief in the hereafter. A follower of such a system must invariably become weary of endless struggles without attainment, and recklessly gives the latter part of his life over to the pleasures and relaxations of the flesh. To enforce a subjection of evil until the end, one must see hope all through life, and even expect to find it in the hand of the Grim Reaper at the door.

Now, as perfection is incompetent as a substitute for religion, by more reason, utility, social order, public opinion, law, and all

that Prof. Hyslop names, joined in one grand system, would still be inadequate; for all of them together go no higher than earthly perfection, which fails.

Thus we see there is, really, no incontrovertible ground for the thesis so confidently set forth by ethical writers. Never has there been devised yet a system or an inducement that can take the place of religion as the moralizing power of the world. Religion alone is omnipresent, or, as Mme. de Stael of France says: "The language of religion can alone suit every situation and every mode of feeling."

In the first part of this article it was maintained that religion signifies the relation which exists between man and the Infinite; and here we assert that morality is such conduct as harmonizes with that relation. This is the nucleus of the whole contention. Morality is inconceivable and purposeless without something to induce it, even to the very last breath of life. Religion alone extends that far. Citizenship expresses the relation of an individual to a government, and obedience to the governmental laws is the resultant requirement of that relation; religion expresses the relation between man and God, and morality is the resulting requirement of that relation. To follow the analogy, morality cannot exist without religion, any more than obedience can exist without government. As Froude says in his biography of Carlyle: "The secret of a man's nature lies in his religion, and what he really believes about this world and his own place in it." The longer we think of it, the more does religion become the antidote for our discontent, the monition against our evil inclinations, nourishment for our hunger for knowledge, and the sanctuary of our hope. Without it, we wander near a precipice, knowing no reason why we should not fall. It is the high reason of our existence, the final explanation of every worthy pursuit. It gives a heavenly purport to love, and a rapturous assurance of its eternal continuation; while, without religion, the cruel separation of death leaves love an unending pain.

We have seen how the world is adrift and alone, knowing not the true meaning of its existence; we have observed how this religious dilemma is causing goodness slowly to be sunken in the

quicksands of vice, and we have comprehended that religion is the only moral anchorage of life.

If a Latter-day Saint, trust not him who has forsaken your ranks; raise your strong arm in defense of that truth you undoubtedly have; and work for the blessing God is bound to bestow.

Ann Arbor, University of Michigan.

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### CONSOLATION.

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[These verses, breathing consolation and hope to the living, were suggested to the author by the death of a relative, who suffered from cancer for upwards of three years.]

By faith and works life is completed,  
The pilgrim now is homeward bound;  
The adversary's power defeated,  
The precious diadem is found.  
Reflect, my soul, in solemn thought,—  
The race is run, the fight is fought.

The heavenly guard his roll is calling,  
The stormy tempest now is stilled;  
And troubled waves have ceased their rolling,  
Probation's measure you have filled.  
Rest, weary soul, eternal rest—  
Your lot is cast among the blest.

All earthly cares and sore afflictions  
Are now for you the bitter past;  
Your hopes are changed to firm convictions,  
The misty veil aside is cast;  
You'll rise again in glory bright,  
Through Jesus Christ, our beacon Light.

Salem, Utah.

JOHN A. OLSEN.

## THE SON OF BELIEVERS.

BY ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD.

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His mother was a Latter-day Saint, the wife of a bishop, and confirmed in the belief that her position was more to be desired than that of the first queen in Europe. Was she not in possession of the gospel as revealed by the Prophet Joseph? And had she not married a man who stood high in the Church, a just and an honest man who followed all the law as made known by the Prophet Joseph and Brigham Young?

She was a little woman. A loving firm mouth and clear gray eyes were set in a face fretted over with little lines. The bishop had been dead for some years; a little adobe house, shaded by tamarack and fig trees, had been her portion; for the rest her own hands must not only make the bread, but gain the means to buy the flour; hence the little, fretted lines.

She was the best carpet weaver in the town. Her few hens always laid fine, large eggs, and her cow supplied butter for the table and for sale. At the front and side of the house she had a good sized vegetable garden, bordered all round with batchelor-buttons, roses, sweet-williams, candy-tuft, mignonette, mary-golds and all the dear old-fashioned flowers that remind one of home more than any others. Two lilac bushes by the gate were loaded with purple blossoms, breathing perfume every spring. A trellis of grapes was also in this yard, as in almost every other yard in the little town.

If child, woman or man were sick, she was always sent for. She knew what certain herbs could do, kept always a supply on hand, drawn from a small plot in her own garden. These were used only in the simpler cases. For any complexity which might



promise death, there was always "the laying on of hands" by the elders.

She had come to this town as a young woman; she was now growing old. It was the old story of a little English home left behind, even mother, father, sisters and brothers, at the call of the gospel. Across the plains she had walked, doing her work with the others. In Salt Lake City the first winter she had married. With many others, she was "called" to colonize this little town in southern Utah, far away from the railroad.

Like Sarah of old, for years she was childless. Then came this son of hers. God had remembered her prayers. Life was sweet indeed to her, then.

And as Sarah had done, she offered this son up to the Lord. He should serve the Lord all his life, in every capacity to which he might be called. As she sewed and rocked the cradle with her foot on the rocker, she saw in vision her son grown up; saw him take each step of the priesthood. It was not ambition which prompted these dreams. With an intensity which has moved the world's saints and martyrs, she desired that he should serve the Lord.

He was sent regularly to the Primary and Sunday school, and learned to take his part with the rest. The bishop was alive then. It had been a proud time for the mother whenever the little son "took part."

The first time his stubby little legs had been put into trousers he had lisped a song in the meetinghouse at a Primary meeting, in which the surrounding towns had joined. He had followed, on the program, a little scared girl, who had come near ending her "piece" in tears. Her white-stockinged legs fairly flew to her mother as the organ began to play the prelude to his song.

He was frightened, too; even the sense that he was garbed as became a man could not keep him from giving agonized twists to both sides of his little pocket, with nervous, fat fingers, at sight of the millions (to him) of upturned faces.

He proceeded rather quaveringly through the first verse. Suddenly, the faces of his mother and father seemed to emerge from the mass before him. He remembered that his father had promised to take him to the next town when he was

to speak on the following Sunday on "The Law of Tithing," if only the song were sung well; more potent still, he remembered that his mother had said she "would be so proud!"—whatever that might be. The fat legs in stockings with broad stripes running about them, as was the fashion, grew less tremulous and more firm. The lad's voice suddenly swelled out so strongly that it was difficult for the assembled parents to suppress a smile at the little fellow's sudden change.

He sang,

I'm a Mormon, I'm a Mormon, I'm a little Mormon boy.

When he was done, with flushed face and swiftly clattering feet he sought his mother. She kissed him with deep, thankful happiness, and lifted him into the seat between herself and the father, where he sat in open-mouthed wonder watching the other children perform, the fat, striped legs sticking out straight before him.

Many, many times after that his voice had been raised in the house of the Lord. His was a very good gift—a pure, rich voice, and the ability to bring forth music from any instrument his fingers might touch. There was a little, old organ in the adobe house, one of the first musical instruments of the kind to reach Utah. Often the mother used to sit with her only son in the old-fashioned parlor, with its pictures of the Prophet Joseph standing on a scaffolding, addressing the people below, occupying the most important position in the room, opposite the small-paned front windows. There was a framed head of the beloved leader, Brigham, and side by side, in deep oval frames, were the quaint portraits of his mother's parents—the only reminder she had of those days before the gospel came.

There was a picture of his father, grave and impressive as modern photography somehow fails to be. It was framed around with flowers done in worsted by his mother's hand, all under a glass and edged with dark wood. Beneath it hung a framed copy of "Resolutions of Sympathy" to the widow. A tall glass case on the centre-table contained a climbing cluster of wax flowers, the Bible near it beside the Book of Mormon. A what-not in the corner was the bearer of souvenirs of the father's travels during missionary work.

On the floor was a rag-carpet, woven by the mother. The organ was set against the wall near the picture of the Prophet.

Here it was that every evening for a space after the simple supper the mother used to sit with her son. And while he played on the organ and sang "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet," and "O my Father," the mother, listening and watching, with the love of God and her son shining in her eyes, thought that the fair young David of old must have looked even as her dear son, as he sang before Saul his deathless songs.

This time was past all too soon. There came a day when the boy had learned enough and earned enough, when the mother had planned enough and saved enough; when Ambition had found wings and was ready to fly.

One of the boy's dearest friends had been a fine old doctor. Consequently the boy's ambition had taken that shape—he would be a physician. To this end he had studied and worked. He had worked at whatever he could find, and his mother had laid the money by for his cherished purpose with prayers. He had studied with the old doctor every moment possible, gaining much that was to help him later.

The mother never questioned the result. "All things right are the Lord's will," she often thought, "who can tell for what purpose he may want my boy?"

The parting was a hard one for the widow. He was all she had. He could not know all that his absence must mean to her. She must bear up bravely under his temporary loss, and not cling and hang about his neck as a mill-stone. "All things right are the Lord's will."

The boy climbed into the stage that was to take him to the train. His little trunk was behind in the wagon bed beside a canvas telescope which held his clean shirt, handkerchiefs and lunch, and a little new Bible, though he did not know this. It was to be a surprise from his mother.

A number of young people had gathered in the road about the stage to say goodbye. These same, only a few nights before, had spent their energy and talents in his behalf at a "benefit." The sum which they had thus been able to give him with their wishes for his success, seemed very large to the boy.

His heart swelled and sang with happiness as he said good-bye. Ambition about to be realized cannot take heed where love is weeping, if only love be not too insistent. It is selfish to force the sorrow of loneliness, parting with its all, upon youth. Thus thought the mother. She smiled and kept the tears back as best she could.

The boy leaned over the wheel to kiss her goodbye once again. Then in a cloud of dust from the hot August street, they were gone. Long afterward the mother stood looking down that road, all the young companions gone. She was saying over and over in her heart, "So young! So pure! So handsome! My only, only one!"

The boy was delighted with the college town. It seemed large to him after the tiny village in which he had spent his life. The town existed only for the college, yet was always bickering with the college like a mother scolding a loved son for his muddy boot-marks. It is ever thus with college towns.

The beauty of the place was a source of great pleasure to the boy—cottages close together with porches and all with lawns, unfenced, the pavement running past, as though through the yard, grass on both sides—even in the centers of the streets.

Great oak and maple trees everywhere, with squirrels chattering and scuttling about unafraid. Flower beds, winding, paved paths, long vistas through over-hanging branches—this was the campus. The boy found beauty, beauty, everywhere.

Hundreds of whistling boys and men passed through the streets. How happy and hopeful they all seemed! The boy's heart responded to them eagerly, and never having known an enemy, to dye his nature with a tinge of suspicion, he soon had many friends.

The happiness and youth, untried, of his own heart naturally made the gayest of these friends most attractive to him. Little by little their habits became his. He joined a fraternity, was initiated, which happens to mean that at midnight he was dragged from his bed and made to pull a wagon around the Boulevard, blind-fold, two masked fellows spurring him on with sharp sticks. He did not mind. To him it was all a part of the exciting new life into which he had plunged. His ready, dauntless spirit won



to him such friends—as were not friends, in the true sense of that sacred word, when sacredly applied.

When the money first began to vanish—it takes money to be of the fraternity—the boy had a twinge of doubt. He wrote to his mother, carefully, but none the less plainly, that his money as planned, was not enough for the time. Asking no explanation, more money came at once. (He did not know what labor and deprivation the extra demand cost her)

With the money came a letter which a mother would well have understood. Not so a son. Between the lines there breathed a spirit of fear and solicitude. The boy might have known that the world is a very small place for gossip or evil report.

“Dear son,” she wrote (and the writing lacked the assurance of youth, and the spelling was not always perfect) “are you sure that your present companions are the ones you should have? Do you think your friendships are such as might be blessed by the Lord?

“I hear that one of the Brothers is there,” she went on, “he is older than you, and was a missionary some time ago to New Zealand. Sister B. tells me that he is taking a law course. Please go and see him. Maybe you could get to room with him. I would feel so safe if you could.

“You have not mentioned whether there are any services held among those of our Church. Are there no “Mormons” there except you? What do you do on Sundays? I do not like to think of my boy off among strangers without the influence of the gospel in his daily life.”

The rest was talk about home life—the vegetable garden, the late blooming flowers, the hens, the cow, the neighbors and friends—all the dear details, unimportant to those who know not their dearness in absence.

The boy read impatiently over the advice concerning his friends. Much as he loved his mother, he could not but feel that hers was the narrow judgment of the contracted life, made necessary by the country village in which she had spent so many of her years. He felt that his experience was wider than hers, and therefore better. Youth never yet recognized the fact that judgment comes not so much from extensive experience as from exten-

sive thought. Only as life ripens is a man fully capable of such thought.

As a concession to love, the boy went to call on the Brother mentioned in his mother's letter. He did not enjoy the visit. The Brother talked principally of the glory of the gospel, and the wish that a meeting might be arranged for the few Latter-day Saints students each Sunday. Restlessness was upon the boy. The natural routine of the Sunday in his home town seemed to him entirely out of place in the gay life of a student. He was used to gathering in the room of a fellow student, to pass the time pleasantly with others, or to walk around the boulevard, Sundays. He always wrote to his mother that day. He was never guilty of neglecting that.

When the boy arose to leave, the Brother offered to accompany him part way. As they walked, they met some of the boy's fraternity chums. They cast curious glances at the two.

At dinner he was the butt of many jokes, and was asked many questions. He discovered that the Brother was well known as a devout Latter-day Saint, and that to them it was something of a joke—an abnormality of mind approaching actual shame to believe in such a religion.

They knew the boy was from Utah. Strange to say they had never questioned his religion, but had accepted his merry nature, his fine voice and gift for music, as sufficient proof that no religious inclination lay beneath. He had never spoken of it, since it had never been brought into question, and his was a nature too confiding and loving to seek argument or difference for its own sake.

He had not enjoyed being with the Brother. It was not so much a matter of religion as of temperament. Too often, unfortunately, youth gains the impression from the unrelieved seriousness of some believers that religion is not a joyous thing—the happiest in all the world, being the law of happiness for this life and all others.

He resented the light talk of his mother's religion, and yet a feeling of revulsion for the Brother, old customs and old things concerning his former religious life, overcame him. He kept silence with burning face, fixing his eyes on his plate, and prefer-

ring to leave an assumed smile of amusement upon his lips. But he was not smiling inwardly. A doubt, big, black, ugly, was creeping into his heart. They were wrong to bandy back and forth a topic of such sacredness—and yet—was it sacred, after all? How did his mother know she was right? Unconsciously he compared the Brother with these young companions in the bloom and brightness of first, brilliant youth. They did not believe, yet their happiness lacked nothing. Like the rest of the world, since time began, he was measuring an abstract creed by concrete and very fallible humanity.

He felt that it was due his mother, if nothing else, that he should speak and own his relationship to the despised religion. He imagined their horror when he should announce, "I am a son of believers. My father was a bishop. My mother was his third wife." No. He could not do that. He would be with them but a few months. He could even quit the fraternity.

The sin of omission is greater than the sin of commission. It is a failure of will which makes us do a forbidden thing, but it takes a positive will to refrain from doing the right thing. Man naturally does right. Refusing to do right is a greater error than slipping from right into wrong.

No doubt, however black, could excuse the boy to himself for having omitted so vital an explanation as that he was a "son of believers." He thought it could. He said to himself that he would have spoken if it could have done any good. He tried to evade the point that in allowing these companions to think him other than he was, he had arrayed himself against his own parents.

Time went on. The boy never saw the Brother again except in class-rooms when he happened to be seeking a comrade. This was not more than twice. He was spending more money than planned, but his mother never seemed to notice this in way of complaint. That he was slowly but constantly changing in his attitude toward former things he did not realize. He knew that his mother's account of religious meetings had grown tedious to him.

One evening he was forced to face the change in himself. A fellow student—his best-loved chum—had come to his room. He was a handsome lad from Indiana, with a good voice. He was a aw student. Music had drawn them together.

He announced himself by strumming on his guitar which he had brought with him. He was singing a snatch from "The Fortune Teller," while his eyes wandered idly about the room. Suddenly he stopped.

"By the gods!" he said, springing up, "who would have suspected you?"

His hand reached out to grasp a small black book which had been laid, obscurely, on a pile of books in the book-case. He was about to lift it when the boy sprang forward. Intervening, he took the book quickly from its place and dropped it into his bureau drawer, turned the key, removed the latter, and placed it in his pocket. His face had flushed crimson.

The other boy stared in amazement. "Well!" he ejaculated, "you must have secrets! Who would ever have taken you for a psalm reader. Even if you did promise mother to read a chapter each day, I wouldn't blush about it."

The comment was good natured, but the subject of it glanced angrily at the speaker, and pretended to gather up some books for study.

"I wouldn't be ashamed, if I were you!" The guitar was made to give forth a hymn in most melancholy measures. The lad from Indiana was laughing to himself. The boy from Utah bent over his books with yet darker countenance.

Finding that the silence was not to be broken amiably, the visitor rose and left, strumming suggestively, and singing:

Are you washed? Are you washed?

The boy from Utah knew he was imitating the Salvation Army. What if he had known that his friend from Utah was a Latter-day Saint? Would he have as derisively sung:

O my Father, thou that dwellest?

The boy was ashamed. Yes, he was ashamed. And of what? Of these words which had so nearly fallen under the eyes of his friend:

To my dear son, hoping this little Bible may help him to be a better Latter-day Saint each year.

From his loving Mother.



You may wonder that the boy had changed so quickly. It would have been more wonderful had he escaped change. He had taken his religion "for granted." He was "a son of believers," therefore, he believed. When he was removed from the influences which had shaped his life, it was to meet those most attractive to a happy, unsuspecting nature. They all bent most plausibly away from the things he had known. It was a new experience, and new experience always makes us feel that it is superior to the old, being the latest.

If the boy could have known what was the life of his mother without him, all might have been different. Could he have seen across the distance, a happier heart might have been made to beat in that old, loving breast.

Almost from the first, the mother had been acquainted with the fact that her son was in other surroundings than she desired. There was one writer of letters from the college to the little town who never failed to give appalling accounts of the boy's manner of living at the college. Some of it was true—a great deal, in fact, but some of it also was dictated by a jealous and less gifted comrade of the boy's early school days. There is always a ready tongue or pen awaiting the dictates of idle gossip or malice. And always the person's arrow somewhere finds the heart it can most wound.

The mother worked harder than ever. More money meant more demand upon her. And, oh, she prayed unceasingly for her son, her only one!

Then she wrote to him, "My son, I fear you are forgetting all you owe to the gospel. Remember how blessed you are in having been born the son of believers!"

He answered her, "Did it ever occur to you, mother, that you might be wrong? That you and father followed a phantom? That your leaders were impostors? That you poor, deluded people were used to make profit?—There is more, more, mother, touching on topics I cannot mention to you, being my mother—my birth, for instance."

That was not all, but that is enough to show. The old mother had received the letter with glowing joy. It dropped from her fingers, and her face was ashen. She fell forward in a heap on

the little parlor floor. For hours she neither moved nor seemed to breathe. The gray hair touched the light dust on the carpet and the face lay with eyes closed against it.

On the wall the Prophet still spoke to the people, his handsome head lifted with calm assurance. The leader Brigham looked out with a benign expression. The mother and father were calm and unmoved in their frames. The bishop was as emotionless in his oval of worsted flowers, reminding one in the expression of his eyes of the boy. Wax flowers, Book of Mormon, Bible, small paned windows, what-not full of relics, closed organ—all were as of old.

Yet the old figure on the floor was never to be the same again. As though a knife was drawn from the heart, a gasp came from the purpled lips, the eye-lids slowly lifted. She sat up painfully, bewildered. Then her eyes fell on the letter.

Her lips trembled, her breast began to heave, sob upon sob shook her. She rose to her knees, lifting her arms, and in the words of him who was crucified by those he loved even as she loved her only son, she cried, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

By many small signs the seriousness of the change in the boy might have been read. A story of his conflicting thoughts might be written concerning each step he took away from the teachings of his childhood—his first smoke, taste of coffee and of beer; all three forbidden to a good Latter-day Saint. In none of them did he become intemperate, but he had broken the law none the less.

It was spring when a certain notorious temperance reformer came to the college town. Her name is such that mention of it always brings a smile, for her zeal is greater than her wisdom.

She took to lecturing from a carriage at the corner of the college campus. One day the boy from Utah came upon a crowd of students gathered about the gray-haired agitator, who was waving her arms and declaiming excitedly. He stopped to hear what she had to say:

"If you go into saloons, what will your sweethearts think of you?"

"I ain't got no sweetheart," whined a wag in the crowd, ungrammatically.

"Then I'll be your sweetheart!" announced the gray-haired reformer.

A shout of derision and amusement greeted her words.

"Has anyone here today got a bottle of whisky?" she asked, "I hope not!—How's that?—You have, have you?—Well, give it to me! give it to me, young man!—Aren't you ashamed?—Give it here."

A young fellow advanced, grinning, and passed a flask up to the reformer. She did with it what those who had planned hoped and expected she would.

"This is what I do with all this devilish liquor!" she cried, raising the bottle on high. She brought it down with a crash on the side of the carriage. Splinters of glass and the liquid flew in all directions. But that was not what had made the crowd shrink back with one accord, and the reformer catch her nose between her fingers. The boys had played a joke on her. The flask had been filled with the most disgusting smelling chemicals that could be mixed.

After this prank the students began to yell and laugh again, climbing into the carriage, taking her hatchets which she had brought to sell.

The boy from Utah felt that their conduct had gone past a joke. This was an old woman, no matter how foolish her method of reformation might be, and these thoughtless students were insulting her. His blood boiled! What should he do?

In this moment of indecision the reformer signalled to her driver, and set the horses into a quick pace, which soon took them away. The boy from Utah felt angry with himself and the students. He had looked on without moving while an old woman was subjected to crude, coarse insult! Why had he done or said nothing?

The real reason, had he known it, was the slow but sure weakening of his will in these months. Had he decided that his mother and father were wrong, and had then accepted habit condemned by them, it would have been different. But he had decided nothing. Where they were believers, he was a doubter, that was all. And in a state of doubt he had done those things which his conscience yet reminded him were wrong. Indecision had overtaken him in all things.

Out of humor with himself, he sat in his room that evening, trying to write to his mother. He was not as regular in that as he had been. Tonight there was to be a banquet among the "fellows" in honor of the temperance reformer, at which not she, but much beer and other liquor, was to be present. It was the college students' idea of a joke, and would be repeated by any set of college students in any college town, were the reformer to go there. Which shows the universality of the college students' idea of a joke.

The boy from Utah had determined not to go. Tonight he felt most uneasy. The insult to the old woman had awakened the best in him, and he was thinking of his mother. He wanted to see her tonight very much.

A knock came to the door; the lad from Indiana came in, begging him to go to the banquet.

"They sent me after you," he pleaded. "Just one song—then you can leave. They are all so anxious. We can't do without you, that's all. I've sung all I know, and they want you."

Soon two others had dropped in to join their entreaties that the boy from Utah sing at the banquet. He might have resisted them three or four months before: he could not now.

Upon a chair he stood before the banquet table. The feast was in progress, but that did not stop the songs and speeches. His eyes were sparkling not alone from youth or excitement. He held a half-emptied glass aloft, and was singing the drinking song from "The School for Scandal," the young fellows all around the board joining in the chorus with clinking glasses:

Let the glass pass,  
Drink to the lass,  
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass!  
Let the glass pass,  
Drink to the lass,  
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass!

While he was yet singing, a young, fair-haired fellow next to him rose to his feet and started to make some maudlin remarks.

"Sit down! Sit down!" one or two cried.

He heeded them not. The man next to him jerked his coat to compel him. He lurched over heavily against the lad from



Utah. The latter tried to save himself, but went down with a crash.

It was not much of a fall. It was even strange that it should have rendered him senseless. He had struck his face on a chair edge or the table. A gash ran down the forehead, cutting into the eyelid. Perhaps the smashed glass that went down with him had caused the hurt.

After the first scare, in care of a doctor he was taken away, and the banquet continued. Nobody, not excepting the boy from Utah, thought it was anything serious.

Next day the injured boy asked the doctor a queer question:

"Doctor, why can't I see when you take the bandage away?"

"Your eye is only partly open."

"I should be able to see a little."

"Yes, I should think so."

"Well, I can't."

An examination followed. Even the doctor had not suspected a result so hopeless. The sight of the injured eye was gone—gone forever. And if the other eye, already beginning to be affected sympathetically, were to be saved, all study must be relinquished.

The boy heard the verdict, paling slowly to deathly white, "My mother! my poor, poor mother!" came quiveringly from his lips.

A few weeks after he was on his way home. No permanent disfigurement had resulted from his accident. There was a scar, which would some day be hardly noticeable. There was a dark bluish mark across the brown of one eye; that was all. But the boy's ambition was ended.

When the stage drove into the little town, an old woman stood tremulous with anxious waiting, under the tammaracks, by a little adobe house. The lilacs were in bloom, and the sweet, old-fashioned flowers of spring.

There was a sob in the greeting they gave each other—the son and the mother. She drew him quickly into the little parlor, in sight of the Prophet Joseph, the leader Brigham, the bishop, and all the other familiar things of the dear old-fashioned room.

"O mother! mother! I have done wrong so often! I shall

try to be a good son to you, but I shall never be now what I might have been."

"You will be more to me now, O my son—my dear boy—you will be more dear to me now than you would have been!"

Garden City, Kansas.

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### THE LIGHT OF THOSE DEAR EYES.

*(For the Improvement Era.)*

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The light of the merry twinkling star  
Is a beautiful light, sent from afar,  
    Its silent tale to tell;  
But the merriest light beneath the skies  
Is the laughing light in those dear eyes—  
    The eyes I love so well.

The light of the sun at high mid-day  
Is a scorching light that burns its way  
    Into many a quiet dell;  
But the scorchingest light beneath the skies  
Is an angry light in those dear eyes—  
    The eyes I love so well.

The light of the silent, silvery moon  
Is a light to which all loves attune,  
    Wherever man doth dwell;  
But the heavenliest light beneath the skies  
Is the light of love in those dear eyes,—  
    The eyes I love so well.

LORENZO SARDONI.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

## THE ETHICS OF MISFORTUNE.

BY MILTON BENNION, M. A., PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

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Misfortune is Virtue's opportunity.—*Seneca*.

The nature of evil and its relation to the ends of human life have always been foremost problems to the philosophic-religious mind. Evil is of two kinds, physical and moral, both of which call for philosophic interpretation. The distinctly religious interpretations relate generally to moral evil or sin. Some of the most noteworthy of these interpretations are the doctrines of the Persians and the Hebrews, and the development of these in the writings of Saint Augustine, and in the Book of Mormon. The interpretation of evil in the Book of Mormon is one of the most noteworthy in religious literature. It is also in agreement with some of the most significant philosophic theories. These hold that without the possibility of moral evil, there can be no virtue, and that the development of some of the virtues is in large measure dependent upon the actual existence of sin. Sin, however, cannot exist for its own sake, but only for the sake of the good. Contact with liars teaches a man to appreciate the virtue of truthfulness; the pettiness of gossipers gives emphasis to the virtue of high-mindedness; and the tyranny of rulers stimulates the love of liberty and equal rights among men.

It is not my purpose, however, to discuss the subject of moral evil. By misfortune, I mean those unavoidable evils that befall people. These evils may be subdivided into two classes:—Those that are distinctly from without, such as floods, earthquakes, fire and famine; and those, on the other hand, that pertain to

the constitution of the human body. Many of the materialistic and skeptical writers of modern times have made much of the existence of evils of this sort, and have used the fact of their existence as an argument against faith in Divine Providence. In their self-confident misapplication of some of the facts of physical science these writers have gone so far as to tell of the mistakes of creation, and to explain how much better the results of creation would have been had the creative power been exercised by their own wisdom. If this world, they ask, is the work of an allwise and all-powerful Creator, why did he create rocky wastes and barren deserts, disease germs and death, and the multitude of other things that seem to thwart human happiness? Failing in their own minds to find a satisfactory answer to this question, they hold up to ridicule the idea that intelligence and purpose are manifest in creation. It is all, as they see it, a vast, blind struggle for existence, in which there is enormous waste, misery, and ultimate destruction for all living things.

Let us look at the facts from a different standpoint. What do the best ethical systems regard as the end or aim of human life? Certainly spiritual or moral perfection. No other aim could be worthy of man. And what are the necessary conditions of progress in the perfection of character? The existence in life of these very evils that the skeptic complains of. If there were no difficulties to overcome, and no one were ever in need of aid and sympathy, what would become of man, constituted as he is? It may be supposed that he would simply enjoy heavenly bliss. But to enjoy life under these conditions would require a reconstruction of human nature, or a de-humanizing of man. There are two reasons for this:

First, man is primarily an active being, and he cannot possibly live his characteristic life where there are no obstacles to overcome. All science and all professional knowledge and skill, medicine, law, teaching and preaching, are results of human activity in overcoming difficulties. Remove from life the need of overcoming difficulties and these things would not be attained by man; or let them be given him without effort on his part, and they would not be prized. Either result would tend to defeat the ends of human life.



Second, it is an indisputable fact that misfortune is the most effectual means of developing in man the finer virtues, such as brotherly love, sympathy, tenderness and moral courage. It is a common experience that whatever hard things may be said of a man in life, in death or other extreme misfortune, his fellow-men are inclined to forget his weaknesses and to think only of his virtues even though they have to seek diligently to find them. This sympathy and charity are likewise extended to the family and relatives of the unfortunate. The best congregations ever assembled and the best preaching ever heard are generally at funeral services. And who, with any moral possibilities, has not emerged from an attack of severe illness, either in his person or in his family, without having become morally stronger? On a larger scale, what has everybody observed as the moral results of earthquakes, great fires, or famine? How thousands respond with sympathy and charitable works that would, perhaps, never otherwise enter their lives. And this brotherly love and kindness are among the highest virtues known to man.

It may be contended that man should have been so constituted as to develop these virtues without any attendant sorrows. It is forgotten that in righteous sorrow there is an underlying joy that adds much to the fullness and richness of life. Besides, a fatal objection to this view is that human individuality, so highly prized, forbids its reconstruction on a different plan, even though it should be done by a beneficent Creator. Man does not desire that God shall interfere with his individuality, but only that he will provide conditions that man himself can turn to good account in self-development. Man's individuality must be transformed into personality, or ethical being, and this must be primarily his own work. Among the most important conditions of this transformation, are the so-called evils that befall men. In the interpretation of them the materialist has erred in mistaking physical well-being for the end of human life.

Possibly the objection may be raised that since, from this point of view misfortune is a good, men should go about seeking it, or, at least, that they should take no precaution against misfortune. Such an attitude would of course defeat the end otherwise attained. An important part of the development comes

through man's activities in warding off evils; and when misfortune does come, the finer qualities are developed in a man and in his associates largely on account of its having come in spite of his efforts to prevent it. To go about seeking death or other disaster would be to lose the good that might otherwise follow. This is illustrated in the moral results of suicide.

Man should, then, seek, with all diligence, to forestall evil, but if it comes notwithstanding his efforts, he should turn it into a moral good. This can be done by making the most of such opportunities for the cultivation of virtue.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

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### BRIGHAM YOUNG.

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*(For the Improvement Era.)*

High honor to the mighty man,  
Who, with his firm, true-hearted band,  
Came out across the wide, wild plain,  
And here, upon the waste and sand,  
Built up an empire to his fame  
And to the glory of the land.

He saw the hand that becked him on.  
He followed ever firm and strong.  
And ever dauntless in the way  
(The straight and narrow way) he trod.  
Ah see! Therein his greatness lay,  
He feared no man—but God.

BELA CURTIS.

Chicago, Illinois.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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### FOUNTAIN OF TRUTH.

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We hear frequently of men who throw discredit on the doctrine of Jesus Christ, our Savior and Redeemer, because some of the principles, doctrines, and philosophy which he taught are said to have been spoken before his day by heathen philosophers.

A variety of examples are sometimes quoted to show that Zoroaster and other ancient philosophers made known truths, and that the Old Testament, the Avesta, and other writings, contain sentiments, which were repeated, perhaps in slightly different form, by the Son of God. He taught nothing new, they say, and so they incline to belittle his mission, and accuse him of plagiarizing the truth.

It is conceded by a number of competent students that the ideals which have grown from the doctrines of Christ are a direct development of what is found in the teachings of the Old Testament, particularly in the Psalms and in the second part of Isaiah. But, on the other hand, it is just as certain that these ideals receive a finish and an enrichment, by the touch of the Savior, vastly beyond and above what they possessed before, and also they are placed on deeper and firmer foundations. This, let it be said to begin with, is because they were his before they were ever uttered by man.

Even in the five distinctive and characteristic topics generally considered by commentators original in the teachings of Jesus, we find little if anything new, except the enlargement. These are named as, the Fatherhood of God, the Kingdom of God; subjects or members of the Kingdom; the Messiah; the Holy Ghost; and the Tri-Unity of God.

But the idea of the Fatherhood of God was not unknown either to the Pagans or to Israel. Zeus from the time of Homer had borne the name "Father of gods and men." But, both in Jewish and Pagan literature, the idea was superficial and meant little more than "originator" (Gen. 1: 26); and in the old Jewish scripture God is more particularly called the *Father of his people, Israel* (Deut. 14: 1; Isaiah 63: 16.) But in the teachings of Christ there is a fuller embodiment of revelation in the word Father, and the application which he makes of the Fatherhood of God invests his life with supreme tenderness and beauty. As an example: In the old scriptures, we are told, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth *them that fear him*;" (Psalm 103: 13), but by the interpretation of Jesus, the love of God as Father extends beyond these limitations even to those who are unthankful and evil: "But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which spitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust" (Matt. 5: 45). "But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil." (Luke 6: 35).

And so with other doctrines of Christ; while perhaps not new, they were enriched by the addition of fuller, broader, more loving conceptions of God and his purposes; in which compulsion was eliminated, and lowly service, love, and self-sacrifice were substituted and made the true forces of an acceptable life. Even the answer to the lawyer's question, often called the eleventh commandment, "Master, which is the great commandment in the law?" had been given to the children of Israel, (Lev. 19: 18), over two thousand years before its perfected meaning was impressed upon the learned Pharisee. (Matt. 22: 34, 40).

But what of all this? Are we therefore to discredit the teachings of the Savior? Verily no. Let it be remembered that Christ was with the Father from the beginning, that the gospel of truth and light existed from the beginning, and is from everlasting to



everlasting. The Father, Son and Holy Ghost, as one God, are the fountain of truth. From this fountain all the ancient learned philosophers have received their inspiration and wisdom—from it they have received all their knowledge. If we find truth in broken fragments through the ages, it may be set down as an incontrovertible fact that it originated at the fountain, and was given to philosophers, inventors, patriots, reformers, and prophets by the inspiration of God. It came from him through his Son Jesus Christ and the Holy Ghost, in the first place, and from no other source. It is eternal.

Christ, therefore, being the fountain of truth, is no imitator. He taught the truth first; it was his before it was given to man. When he came to the earth he not only proclaimed new thought, but repeated some of the everlasting principles which had been heretofore only partly understood and enunciated by the wisest of men. And in so doing he enlarged in every instance upon the wisdom which they had originally received from him, because of his superior abilities and wisdom, and his association with the Father and the Holy Ghost. He did not imitate men. They made known in their imperfect way what the inspiration of Jesus Christ had taught them, for they obtained their enlightenment first from him.

He taught the gospel to Adam, and made known his truths to Abraham and the prophets. He was the inspirer of the ancient philosophers, Pagan or Israelite, as well as of the great characters of more modern times. Columbus, in discovery; Washington, in the struggle for freedom; Lincoln, in emancipation and union; Bacon, in philosophy; Franklin, in statesmanship and diplomacy; Stephenson, in steam; Watts, in song; Edison, in electricity; and Joseph Smith, in theology and religion, found the source of their wisdom and the marvelous truths which they advocated, in him.

Calvin, Luther, Melancthon, and all the reformers, were inspired in thoughts, words, and actions, to accomplish what they did for the amelioration, liberty and advancement of the human race. They paved the way for the more perfect gospel of truth to come. Their inspiration, as with that of the ancients, came from the Father, his Son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, the one true and living God. This may also truthfully be said concerning the Revolutionary fathers of this nation, and all who have

in the ages past contributed to the progress of civil and religious freedom. There is no light or truth which did not come to them first from him. Men are mere repeaters of what he has taught them. He has voiced no thoughts originating with man. The teachings of Jesus did not begin with his incarnation; for, like truth, he is eternal. He not only inspired the ancients, from the beginning, but when he came to earth he reiterated eternal, original truth, and added gloriously to the revelations men had uttered. When he returned to the Father, he still took, and does take, an interest in his children and people, by revealing to them new truths, and by inspiring their actions; and, as men grow in the knowledge of God, they shall become more and more like him unto the perfect day, when his knowledge shall cover the earth as the waters cover the deep.

It is folly, therefore, to discredit the Savior on the grounds that he has uttered nothing new; for, with the Father and the Spirit, he is the author of that which persists—the truth—that which has been, that which is, and that which will continue forever.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

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#### ABOUT TWO HYMNS—APPRECIATION.

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*President Joseph F. Smith:*

DEAR BROTHER:—I read your article in the ERA about that beautiful hymn, "Softly Beams the Sacred Dawning," and that in a new edition of the hymn book it is credited to H. L. Birch. I saw the hymn first in 1849, in the eleventh volume of the *Millennial Star*, and the name of H. L. Birch attached as the author. I have since learned that was the *nom de plume* of Brother Jaques. John Jaques was too honorable a man to allow that hymn to bear his name if he was not the author. In volume 12 of the *Millennial Star*, pages 37 and 215, are two articles by H. L. Birch, and on pages 160, 240 and 335 are three more articles of John Jaques. Brother Jaques had his own notions for writing under an assumed name.

In that fine hymn by Sister Snow, "O my Father," etc., in the first verse, I notice what for years has seemed to me a fault of the printers in punctuating the words, "In my first primeval childhood," the words "first" and "primeval" are, of course, synonymous. I think it should read, "In my first—primeval—childhood." The adjectives would then appear attributive, and we would not be left to infer that there may be a second primeval.

Brother Smith, we often speak of men we love, when they are gone. I thought everything of President Brigham Young while he was alive, and I can say, you have the same love and respect from me as Brother Brigham. God bless you and your counselors, and all Israel.

Your brother in the gospel,

WILLIAM WOODWARD.

Franklin, Idaho.

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#### WILFULLY BLIND.

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In the *Saints' Herald* of May 1st, over the initials of "E. A. S.," and under the headline: "How the Utah Authorities Are Supported," a short extract from the opening address of the Annual Conference, by President Joseph F. Smith, is quoted from the IMPROVEMENT ERA, in which it is plainly stated that the interest on certain investments of the Church, in industrial, mechanical and mercantile institutions—which furnish employment to many people, and are a general benefit to the country—is sufficient to maintain the general authorities of the Church, without having to draw upon the tithing funds for that purpose.

To this fact "E. A. S." takes exception, as the men of his cult usually do to anything reasonable and commendable from the Church authorities, and says: \* \* \* "Thus far we have failed to discover the difference between appropriating tithes and appropriating the proceeds of tithes after they have been invested in private enterprises." The failure of "E. A. S." to discover any difference between the use of the interest, while the principal is kept good and increasing in value, and the consumption of the

principal itself, is rather pitiable; but we are not responsible for his obtuseness on such matters; some people are so constituted, and there are others who are wilfully but equally as blind.

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### MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

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Rev. Carl L. Anderson, of Beaver, writes: "I enjoy the ERA very much, and wish to get it each month because of the fact that it presents your doctrines in a concise, clear way."

From the *Elder's Journal* we learn that there were 37 baptisms and 22 children blessed in the eleven conferences of the Southern States mission for the two weeks ending April 12. There were 468 meetings held, and 8,376 gospel conversations. The *Journal* will consolidate with *Liahona* about June 1.

Elder W. J. Hutt, of Hutt Brothers, merchants, Ngaruawahia, Waikato, New Zealand, writes under date of March 20: "Please continue my ERA. I am sending money with Brother William G. Woolley who is returning to Salt Lake City via Australia. I must have the ERA to keep me in touch with Zion." From the *Elder's Messenger*, we learn: Elder Woolley was released March 25, and after spending ten days in Australia, sailed for home on the *Sonoma*. Elder Benjamin Goddard and wife, Rufus K. Hardy and wife, and two other missionaries arrived in Auckland on this ship, on Thursday, March 28, at midnight. President Louis G. Hoagland has been released, and Elder Hardy will succeed him as president of the mission, with Lawrence Jorgensen as *Messenger* editor and mission printer, to release Elder David P. Howells, who is to labor in behalf of the Academy.

The *Liahona* for April 17 announces the consolidation of the *Liahona* and the *Elders' Journal*, the latter publication of Chattanooga, Tenn.; and the name of the magazine after the consolidation is effected, will be *Liahona, The Elders' Journal*, and the form of the magazine will remain the same as the *Elders' Journal*, so that the new publication will appear with thirty-two pages instead of sixteen as now printed. The two subscription lists will be united, and where the same person has subscribed and paid in advance for both publications the term of his subscription will be extended long enough to cover the amount he has paid. The seat of publication will be Independence, Mo., and a part of the office equipment of the *Elders' Journal* will be shipped there. The contents of the magazine will be representative of what has heretofore been printed in both papers. S. O. Bennion is manager, and B. F. Cummings editor. Price will be \$1.00 per year. It was intended that the consolidation should be effected May 25, and the first number of the magazine under its new name will be Volume V, No. 1. We wish the new publication success.



Elder Marion B. Naegle, of the Mexican mission, writing from the City of Mexico, March 9, says: "On the 7th of March, 1907, seven people from San Pedro Martir, were added to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by baptism, Elder Marion B. Naegle officiating. A suitable place was secured in the city, where the baptisms were celebrated. Immediately afterwards the converts retired to the mission headquarters, where they were confirmed by President H. S. Harris and Elder M. B. Naegle. Two children were also blessed. We expect that some twenty or more from the same town will receive baptism soon. The mission is in a prosperous condition at present, and, with the help of the Lord, we hope to reap a bountiful harvest during the ensuing year."

The March report for the Swedish mission shows that there are 63 missionaries laboring, and that they held 260 meetings during the month, and 2,240 gospel conversations, and visited 17,857 homes; baptized six people, ordained one, and blessed four children. The conference at Gothenborg was held on the 6th and 7th of April, with George C. Smith presiding. There are five branches in that conference. Meetings were well attended, and a good spirit prevailed; there was good singing by the choir, under the direction of Arvid Nylander. In the Scandinavian mission, there were 132 missionaries who held 473 meetings in March, 5,538 gospel conversations, visited 27,941 homes, baptized eleven people, and blessed six children.

Elder George Chase Matthews, writing from Apledoorn, Holland, April 27, says: "The ERA is a great help to us in our work. The gospel which is being preached in this part of the Lord's vineyard, will eventually bring about a great religious revolution here, as these people as a whole, are a God-fearing and religious people. To such a folk the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as taught by us, must and will appeal. The ministers and preachers here can see this, as well as we can, and are now planning a vigorous campaign against the Latter-day Saints; but unto us is the promise that the Lord's cause will triumph, and we are rejoicing in the fact that we have been found worthy as ambassadors of this great light unto this people."

Secretary G. N. Curtis, of the Northern States mission, writing to the ERA from Chicago, May 8, says: "We are now busy holding our conferences throughout the mission. We have already met the presidents and elders of Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, and Minnesota. In all these conferences we find the elders feeling well and everything is in a flourishing condition. President Ellsworth is now holding conference in Winnipeg, Canada. The elders and their friends have nobly supported us in helping to establish the *Liahona*. We are grateful for all they have done. We believe the *Liahona* will be a powerful missionary in the homes of the people. The elders have determined to sell as many Books of Mormon as possible during the coming months. In the conferences already held, each elder has pledged himself to sell eight Books of Mormon each month, or two each week. We desire to get the Book of Mormon in every home in the land, for we know it will carry a blessing wherever it goes. You have our support and prayers."

# OUR WORK.

## M. I. A. CONFERENCE.

The conference committee of the General Boards of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A., have prepared the following program for the annual conference, June 7, 8, 9, 1907:

The first meeting will be held in Barratt Hall, Friday morning, 10 o'clock. A conjoint preliminary program will be carried out, after which the associations will separate.

### CONJOINT PRELIMINARY PROGRAM.

Opening hymn....."Up Awake ye Defenders of Zion."  
Prayer.  
Hymn....."Zion Stands with Hills Surrounded."  
Opening Address.....President Joseph F. Smith.  
Solo.....Sister Booth, of Beaver.  
Announcements.

### YOUNG MEN'S OFFICERS' PROGRAM.

Presentation of reports and sustaining of officers.  
Summer Work.....Supt. John L. Herrick, Weber.  
Discussion by Supts. Samuel E. Taylor, Nebo; and A. M. Merrill,  
Cassia; and Elder Thomas Hull of the General Board.

### YOUNG MEN'S OFFICERS' PROGRAM.

Saturday, 10 a. m.

1. Rolls, records, etc.....Alpha J. Higgs.
2. The ERA.....Heber J. Grant.
3. Manual .....Edward H. Anderson.
4. Wholesome Reading.....Nephi L. Morris.
5. Miscellaneous.

Saturday, 2 p. m.

1. The Spirit of our Work.....Junius F. Wells.
2. How to Increase the Active Enrollment.....B. F. Grant.
3. Give the Boys a Chance.....Joseph W. McMurrin.

Musical selections will be given by Walter Wallace, Robert Siddoway, and Horace S. Ensign.

The next conjoint meeting will be held in the Assembly Hall on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Following the opening exercises the program reads as follows:

Home Reading...George H. Brimhall—Literature, Leone Horne Nowells.  
Solo, "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth"...Melvin J. Ballard of Logan.  
Remarks—Three 5-minute talks by Stake Superintendents.  
Singing.

In the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, the associations will gather with their friends and the general public, in the large tabernacle. The tabernacle choir, under Prof. Evan Stephens, will furnish music, and the following program for that meeting is announced:

Remarks.....	Edna L. Smith, of the Primary Associations.
Remarks .....	Y. L. M. I. A. President Martha H. Tingey.
Male Quartette.....	By E. Stephens' Singers.
Doctrine and Covenants .....	H. S. Tanner.
Remarks.....	President Joseph F. Smith.

In the evening at 7:30 a conjoint meeting will be held in the same place  
The following is the program:

Singing .....	Ladies' Glee Club.
Singing .....	Scandinavian Glee Club.
Remarks.....	Zina Y. Card of the Primary Associations.
Ladies' Chorus, (Salt Lake City).	
Remarks.....	Julia M. Brixen.
Remarks.....	Heber J. Grant.
Male Quartette—Oregon.	
Vocal Solo.	

On Friday afternoon all the members of the Improvement Associations will proceed to Wandamere, at 3 p. m. Extra cars will be arranged for to leave at that hour. At 5 p. m. there will be lunch on the lower floor of the pavilion, everyone to bring lunch. All are expected to make themselves sociable and acquainted. There will be music from 5 to 6 p. m., and at 7 p. m. an informal reception will be held on the dance floor of the pavilion. Music from 7 to 8 o'clock. There will also be dancing during the afternoon and evening, in addition to the regular amusements and attractions of the park. The distribution of tickets and coupons will be made at the morning meetings of the officers.

The following resolution will be introduced at one of the meetings for adoption:

Be it Resolved, by the officers and members of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations here assembled:

That we will use our influence during the coming year to develop in the hearts of the young people of Zion the true spirit of the Sabbath day.

### CHANGE IN SECRETARIES.

At a meeting of the General Board, April 17, 1907, Elder Edward H. Anderson who has acted as manager of the ERA, and secretary and treasurer of the Y. M. M. I. A. for the past nineteen months, was relieved of this labor, in order that he might devote his time entirely to the editorial department and to general work in the associations. Elder Alpha J. Higgs was appointed assistant manager of the IMPROVEMENT ERA to Elder Heber J. Grant, and general secretary and treasurer of the Y. M. M. I. A. He entered upon his duty May 1st, and all communications for the M. I. A. or IMPROVEMENT ERA should be addressed, and checks and money orders made payable, to Alpha J. Higgs, 214 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In retiring from the business department, I heartily thank the many loyal, kind and unselfish workers for the ERA and Manual, who have made these publications so successful. It has been a real pleasure to work with you; the spirit of your words and letters has given encouragement and inspiration, and made every task in the office lighter. I bespeak for Brother Higgs, a man of ability and experience, and late business manager of the *Millennial Star* office, and secretary of the European mission under Elder Heber J. Grant, the same cordial relationship and assistance. Wishing you, and the splendid cause for which we are all laboring, continued success, I remain, your friend and brother,

EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

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### NEW TEXT BOOK FOR THE PRIESTHOOD.

*First Steps in Church Government* is the title of a little work just issued by the press of the *Deseret News*, and written by Prof. Joseph B. Keeler, of the Brigham Young University. It is a book designed for young members of the Lesser Priesthood in the Church, in whom and in whose quorum work great interest has recently been taken. The little work explains in ten chapters what Church government is, and also in a like number of chapters sets forth in readable and attractive style what Church government does. As supplementary reading, it has twenty-one chapters by different authors, giving the personal experiences of prominent men and writers in the gospel work, under each particular division of the work. The book should find a large number of readers and students among the quorums of the Lesser Priesthood, for whom it is specially designed. It is for sale at the Deseret News Book Store.

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### SUMMER WORK IN WEBER.

The ERA is in receipt of a course of study for the summer season of 1907, in the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Weber Stake. The plan contemplates the holding of conjoint sessions each Sunday evening in the nineteen wards outside of Ogden City, and on each Tuesday evening in the seven wards of the city. The course is literary and musical, including some short talks on religious topics. The meetings will be held no longer than an hour, or an hour and a quarter. There is also provided for a conjoint officers' meeting each month where instructions will be given as needed, and where the outlines of programs will receive attention. Meetings will begin on Tuesday, of June 16th and 18th, and continue until the 8th and 10th of September. The object is to retain interest in the Improvement work during the summer months, and to provide the young people with something to do that will be entertaining and instructive in the settlements where Sunday evening meetings are not held, as well as in the city where they are held. The movement is one that should be encouraged, and it is hoped that other stake superintendencies will devise plans to interest the young people in our work to some extent during the vacation season.

## EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

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**Agreement Cancelled.**—On April 15, the agreement, about four years old, between the Southern Pacific and the San Pedro railroads, binding the latter road to adopt the rates of the former and not to change them without the former's consent, for a period of ninety-nine years, was cancelled. The agreement was disclosed during the recent Harriman investigation, and was held to be a clear violation of law. Whether the Interstate Commission will prosecute is not known at this writing. The penalty for the offense alleged to have been committed may be both fine and imprisonment. Under the new freedom given the Clark road, there should be better passenger and freight rates between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles.

**Jamestown Exposition.**—The Jamestown Exposition, commemorating the 300th anniversary of the landing of the English at Cape Henry, was opened April 26, in the presence of about sixty-five thousand people, and with unparalleled naval display. Jamestown was named from James I, and is located on the James River, thirty-seven miles northwest of Norfolk, Va. It was the site of the Spanish settlement of San Miguel, founded by Ayllon in 1526, but soon abandoned, and later became the first permanent English settlement in the United States. The colonists sent by the London company landed May 13, 1607. The slow growth and terrible suffering of the settlement, especially in the starving time of 1609-10, are well known historical facts. The town was burned by Bacon's rebellion in 1676. A few tombs and the tower of the Church are the only relics. Owing to the delay in getting the exposition ready, President Roosevelt, who was to have pressed an electric button to start the machinery, contented himself with delivering a special historical speech, as there was no machinery ready to start. The President also reviewed the ships of the Atlantic fleet and visiting war vessels from foreign nations, anchored in three lines in Hampton Roads. It was the greatest naval display ever witnessed in American waters. In the first line were twelve foreign ships, British, German and Austrian; in the second, sixteen American battle ships; and in the third, twenty-two cruisers, monitors and torpedo craft. Among the guests in attendance were diplomatic, naval and military officers of nearly forty foreign nations.



Utah was represented by Hon. A. L. Thomas of the Utah-Jamestown Commission who was well received, and notified on May 3, that October 15 was set apart as Utah day at the Exposition, when Governor John C. Cutler, the Commission from Utah, and many citizens from the state are to be present. Twenty-seven countries, and as many states have made appropriations for buildings and exhibits.

**Street Railway Strike**—On April 28, Sunday morning, nearly all the street car laborers in Salt Lake City went on a strike. An apparently satisfactory schedule of wages was fixed April 2, in which the wages were increased, but not to the extent the men desired. Six weeks prior the men had asked for 20 per cent more pay than they were getting. More or less friction between the men and the company continued until the culmination on April 28. The city was without transportation during Sunday and Monday and part of Tuesday, but in the early hours of Tuesday morning an agreement was arrived at, through the offices of Hon. B. H. Roberts, who secured from the company a concession to the men's demands for an increased wage scale. From May 1, and continuing for two years, they are to receive twenty-five cents per hour for the first year, and thirty cents per hour thereafter. Men to receive an increase of ten per cent. All other questions were dropped, and the men returned to work without ill feeling. There are about two hundred and seventy-five men in the service, and the increase in salary under the new arrangements is said to be about fifty thousand dollars per annum. On the second day, while the company were trying to run a car, there was some rioting in which some company employees were hurt, mostly by students under twenty years of age, and by town loafers. The police did little to interfere or to keep order. Twenty-three men stood by their posts during the crisis, refusing to join the strike, and these were later suitably rewarded by the company. The employees get what they asked for in wages, but the company does not grant all the demands with regard to working conditions, nor does it recognize the Union.

**The Idaho Murder Cases.**—On May 9, the trial of the alleged conspirators in the assassination of ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, began at Boise, Idaho. This affair has grown to national importance. Labor unions throughout the country have made every effort to free them untried, and they treat them—Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone—as martyrs to the cause of labor. They have also severely criticised President Roosevelt for classing these men, in a letter of October 8, 1906, as "undesirable citizens." Foreign socialists in New York and other cities have paraded the streets by thousands and made speeches in defense of the Idaho prisoners. *The Work*, a new York Socialist paper is raising money to save Moyer and Haywood, and it says the parades relate to "the persecution, mis-called prosecution, of the officers of the Western Federation of Miners, the exposure of the capitalists' conspiracy to terrorize organized labor by the use of the gallows." The parades are mostly foreign and appear to be composed of people who have learned their lessons of political violence in Russia. The *Independent* says, speaking of the parades of May 1 and 4, occasioned by the reiter-

ation of the utterances of President Roosevelt, in which he classed the accused men as "undesirable citizens:"

The "Socialist" clubs are numerous—Lettish, Hungarian, Polish, Semitische and Russian—under various names. There are a multitude of Radical "unions" and "associations" with strange names—Scheftlisticker, Ekaterinaslav, Krawkaser, Retchilzer, Dvesker, Kischeneff, Cheniguar, Novazipkover, Tinkowitz, Kindanora, Yarover, Kartary, Bereza, Halopnitzer—and so on for nearly two long columns. There are a multitude of them and they made a great parade, but their children will know our institutions better.

In the *Socialist Appeal to Reason* most radical, unreasonable and wild statements are made; in it also, Eugene V. Debs, who has been known heretofore to "breathe out threatenings and slaughter with word and pen," declares that "no blood-bought McPartland brand of made-to-order evidence [relating to Orchard's testimony] shall be allowed to serve the infamous ends of judicial murder." According to Orchard's own confession, which it takes seven hours to read, he was the principal assassin hired by the Western Federation of Miners, to get rid of objectionable persons. Detective McPartland obtained this startling confession, placed it before Chief Judge Gabbert and others, and a number of corroborations of Orchard's story was made, after which the Governor of Colorado, where President Moyer, Secretary Haywood and Executive Officer Pettibone had their headquarters, granted the requisition for these men to be taken to Idaho. They were arrested in Denver, on complicity in the Steunenberg assassination, and rushed to Idaho on a special train. This is what the miners and their sympathizers call "Kidnaping," while others looked upon it as a short cut to justice, carried out in characteristic style. Whether the prosecution has direct corroborative evidence that these men conspired to murder Stunenberg is very important and remains to be learned. As far as the people are concerned they will heartily agree with President Roosevelt, in this case, in what he said in reply to a committee of the Central Federated Union of New York on May 5, who had been appointed to call upon and talk with him about his criticism of Moyer and Haywood. He said:

The intemperate violence with which Socialistic or labor papers like that of Debs, and, I am sorry to say, some other labor organizations, have insisted without any knowledge of the facts upon treating these men as martyrs to the cause of labor, has unquestionably resulted in tremendous pressure being brought to bear upon the authorities of Idaho, to discharge or acquit them, whether guilty or innocent.

So far as the unions are anxious only to see that exact justice is done these men, that they are given their full legal rights and not condemned unless proved guilty of the specific act, they are entitled to the co-operation of all just and fair-minded citizens. So far as by any action or by murderous and treasonable language, such as that quoted above from Debs (and others), they tend to bring pressure to bear upon the State authorities and the courts to obstruct the course of justice and to render it difficult to convict the men, if guilty, they are equally without stint to be condemned; and anything that the Federal authorities can do in either event to further the cause of justice is to be done.

Up to May 22, the jury had not been obtained in William D. Haywood's case. Each case will be tried separately.

**State Board of Accountants.**—Among other new laws passed by the seventh legislature was one creating a Board to examine all public accountants, and issue permits to individuals or corporations to engage in that business. On May 14 this Board was named by Governor Cutler: Douglas A. Swan, Salt Lake; Ralph E. Hoag, Ogden; W. J. Bateman, Salt Lake.

**"Adriatic."**—This new, latest and longest, Atlantic liner of the White Star Company has just completed its maiden trip over the ocean. It is 725 feet and 9 inches long; 75 feet, six inches beam; and about 50 feet deep; tonnage 25,000 and a displacement of 40,000 tons. It has accommodations for 3,000 persons on its nine steel decks. Some of the special features included in her construction are a fully equipped gymnasium, a turkish bath, and an electric elevator operating through four decks. The main dining saloon on the upper deck is fitted with small tables accommodating 370 persons. It has a lounging room on the boat deck, 35 feet above the water; also a luxurious drawing-room on the same deck.

**The Big "U."**—Reverend E. I. Goshen has condemned the big 100x100 foot "U" which the students have planted on the mountainside near the University of Utah buildings. He said it disfigured nature. The students have recently rebuilt it of concrete at a great cost of labor and money. At chapel exercises, Friday, May 17, President Kingsbury took issue with the idea that the "U" was placed on the hillside in defiance of the laws of the land and of nature, and maintained that "there is more than mere cold stone and cement on the hill. There is loyalty and faithfulness behind every shovel of dirt. The 'U' is not a monument of commercialism, but is a monument for the expression of love, sincerity, unity, and devotion to our Alma Mater." We think there will be few who will not agree with President Kingsbury.

Richard W. Young, Jr., has been selected president of the student body to succeed President Stayner Richards who graduates. President Richards reported on the material and work on the "U." He stated that during the three days that the students were working at it, there were 1,200 wheel-barrows of concrete used, 200 sacks of cement, 400 wagon loads of gravel, and 73 loads of sand. The boys in putting it on walked 93 miles. The cost of the material which included only sand and cement was \$350, of this amount the boys have succeed in raising \$230. by subscription. The sides of the "U" are each about 16 feet wide, and the ground enclosed, about 65 feet in diameter. The following verse and refrain was written by Mrs. Guy Sterling, and Prof. Squire Coop will set the words to music:

Old Utah has a husky lot of lads to do her will.  
 She bade them write her autograph upon the eastern hill.  
 They met with shovel and pick, too, with concrete, sand and lime,  
 And set on high to greet the eye, a mark defying time.

#### REFRAIN.

The "U" upon the hill shall gleam majestic till  
 Old Utah's head is hoary, her annals crowned with glory.

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